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THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The announcement that there is to be a monster meeting of amateur journalists—though happily it is to be on the Continent—is the more alarming because it is so wholly unexpected. One's impression was that they were in every sense an incoherent body, incapable of united action and even actuated by feelings of mutual antagonism; our relief, therefore, was the more considerable on discovering that this announcement only refers to the amateur journalists of the United States. In that country it appears that this amazing race band themselves together and issue newspapers (presumably with a "forced circulation") written entirely by themselves. "If we cannot be distinguished," they say, "as Matthew Arnold recommends us to be, we can, at all events, be conspicuous," and conspicuous they are. In this country we have had many amateur magazines, which have always had a certain interest about them—that which attaches to all who are doomed to an early death—but amateur newspapers (except those at school, which were edited by the big boys and financed compulsorily by the allowances of the small ones) we have not had. All we know of the amateur journalists is gathered from their lucubrations in the real newspapers during the silly season, or their occasional letters at other times. In these we read of the appearance of the sea-serpent as seen from a bathing-machine; of the shock of an earthquake, felt distinctly at Littleborough, which awakened the narrator at midnight in his bed, "to which he had retired at his usual early hour"; and of the extraordinary manifestations in the Milky Way beheld by a clerical correspondent returning from an archidiaconal meeting in his gig. We have also earnest appeals to commemorate the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the births of Hengist and Horsa, and for the erection of a memorial tablet to John Jones (the poet), of Bullock Smithy. But the idea of these people holding a meeting—far less a monster meeting, which sounds, by-the-bye, rather uncomplimentary—is quite out of the question. In the case actually contemplated, one can hardly imagine any other object than that of giving the amateur journalists something new and strange to write about.

There is no necessity for believing with an American author that "all the stories have been told," so far as the plots of novels are concerned; it may suit those to say so whose literary talents do not lie in construction, but, as a matter of fact, new dramatic incidents are constantly occurring in real life, nor is there any evidence to show that the faculty of imagination is exhausted. On the other hand, it must be admitted that what are called "good stories," especially when connected with celebrated persons, have a great tendency to recur. Among the recently published letters of Mrs. Browning there is one dated Christmas Eve, 1831, which contains a most amusing anecdote of Girardin—

A lady visitor was groaning politically to Madame de Girardin over the despatch of the situation. "Il n'y a que Célui, qui est en haut, qui peut nous en tirer," said she, casting up her eyes. "Oui, c'est vrai," replied Madame, "il le pourrait, lui," glancing towards the second floor, where Emile was at work upon feuilletons.

This very story, of course in English dress, was circulated a few years ago, and even published in the newspapers, concerning another Mr. G., without the least suspicion of its being a *revenant*.

The late decision of Mr. Justice North as to the copy-right of letters, though anticipated by most sensible persons, has given great satisfaction: one is never quite certain what vagaries the Law may not indulge in. It would add a terror to life, indeed, if every letter one writes was liable to publication by the recipient. This would not affect only celebrities or notoriety, for in an age wherein, as Lord Justice Bowen said, "there are biographies about nobody, and centenaries about nothing," there are none of us so humble as to be secure. It may be said that people should never write things they are ashamed of, nor of course should they; but they may write things which are very suitable for the correspondent's private ear and not at all for that of the public. There are many letters which it does not require a legal mind to define as privileged communications. If the recent decision had gone the other way, correspondence of a frank and friendly character would have altogether ceased, and even one's letters to one's doctor must needs have been marked "private." The whole question seems to be on all-fours with that of conversation. We may talk to our friends quite innocently upon matters which, if they revealed them to other people, might not appear so harmless; and if they thought themselves at liberty to retail all they hear, either conversation would become exceedingly trivial or very important, according to whether we desired it to be private or public.

Another judgment which will commend itself to "the common-sense of most" is that of the Lord Chief Justice regarding the habit indulged in by some people of ordering dinner at eating-houses when they have no money to pay for it. In the eye of the Law it appears that there was no false pretence, but there was an intention to defraud. Laymen

may not understand this nice distinction, but what everybody will now understand—and that is the main point—is that they must pay for their dinners, if not in purse, in person. The offender was modest enough, since he only consumed a plate of cold meat and a pint and a half of sherry; still, he could not have expected to get this, even at the cheapest rates, for a halfpenny, which was all he had. His statement that "he was soon expecting goods" was considered by the restaurant proprietor as too vague. Still, it has not yet been decided that a man can be punished for ordering dinner which "runs to" more than he has in his pocket, if it is a reasonable sum. If one has a sovereign, for instance, and is unacquainted with the price of '84 champagne, would one have to go to prison because the bill exceeds one's means? In "The Wares of Autolycus" in the *Pall Mall*, I notice that a sovereign seems to go a very little way when Autolycus dines at a restaurant; and a person with less knowledge of the price of luxuries might easily get into trouble in this way. I remember some pears at Covent Garden labelled four guineas apiece, a price intended, of course, to be prohibitive; think of eating one of those pears without noticing the label and having only half a crown in one's pocket! An exile returning to England after many years, who left it when oysters were a shilling a dozen, might easily eat seven shillings' worth of natives and not have enough about him to pay for them.

It is rather hard on intelligent and celebrated persons that their occasional remarks—often obviously spoken for the purpose of "saying things," or in order to astonish their hearers—should be subsequently, and even posthumously, published under some such head as "Recollections" or "Ana." When an author himself causes them to be printed, that is, of course, his own lookout: it may be his whim to be paradoxical or peculiar, and we only shrug our shoulders and pass on to something more genuine. When Macaulay writes that he "saw nothing" in "Martin Chuzzlewit," though we know that humour was not his forte and that he had reasons of his own for disliking Dickens, there is nothing to be said except that his blindness was exceptional; when Matthew Arnold tells that his test case for a man not understanding poetry is when he admires Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," we rub our eyes to make sure we are awake; but when other people attribute similar strange opinions to dead men of genius upon hearsay evidence it is little short of libellous. They may have said such things, though that is open to doubt—for the human memory, when we sit down to write our "Recollections," is apt to be more suggestive than accurate—but they certainly never intended them to be printed. There have been many sad examples of this of late years. The most recent is an oral communication of Carlyle's. The Sage of Chelsea, in his letters, sometimes expressed opinions of other people's works directly opposite to those he expressed at other times; he was also notoriously dyspeptic; but it would be difficult to persuade us, after what he has written about Dickens's works, that "the humour of 'Pickwick' made him very melancholy"—a most remarkable result for it to produce even on a philosopher. Yet such is the last utterance of his with which we have been favoured. That in Macaulay he should only have recognised "gab" also strikes one as unlikely.

Some letters of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "The Letters of Junius," were disposed of the other day at Sotheby's at about thirty shillings each. Let us hope that this will close a controversy which has wearied the world for a period out of all proportion to its importance. Sir Philip in one of these last letters suspects (sly dog) Burke to have been "Junius"; but adds that whoever he is it is impossible he can be discovered. He is much less likely to be discovered now, and if he is not one will be a penny the worse. The subject has always been one of the most terrible weapons of the bore. Disraeli, when appealed to by an old friend to give his son advice as to his conduct in life, advised him never to talk about "The Letters of Junius." The cleverness of them has been immensely overrated; neither in wit nor virulence do they exceed the letters in the *Queen's Messenger*, which sparkled as long they deserved to do, and then "went out" for ever.

Bishop Jayne, I read, has issued a pastoral on Sunday observance. It is a very liberal "permit," and will doubtless be denounced accordingly. He quotes approvingly the ancient ruling on this matter by Bishop Sanderson, who allowed archery, leaping, pitching the bar, and a sort of rudimentary cricket. His episcopal successor adds a list suitable to more modern requirements: "bicycling, golf, and lawn-tennis." There will probably be a struggle against the last; if it is finally permitted those who have been "sucked in the creed outworn" of croquet will naturally apply for an episcopal license. It has been very properly remarked that the true criterion (outside Sabbatarianism) for Sunday recreations is that they should not entail the employment of assistants; that golf, for instance, should be played without caddies.

Everyone has heard of the elliptical Judge who summed up the case of the prisoner at the bar so summarily: "Heaven has given you health and strength; instead of

which you go about the country stealing ducks." A correspondent sends me a conversation overheard in Oban which almost rivals it. Two Highlandmen meet each other opposite a public-house. Donald (down on his luck and thirsty): "It is a goot day, Engus." Angus (evasively): "I'll see you dam first." What suggestion! What want of appreciation! What an ellipsis!

In a wreck off Sydney the other day, the crew were saved in a manner that is without parallel—by a pig. They had no other animal on board to carry a line for them, and no man would undertake it in so rough a sea; but the pig did the trick for them. The popular idea is that that animal is the only one who cannot swim, and always cuts its throat in the attempt. In justice to the porcine race, this feat should be remembered. Those rescued sailors ought never to touch pork again; neither crackling nor sausage should have charms for them; and piggy himself should be steyed up to the end of his days, wear the medal of the Royal Humane Society, and be fed on truffles.

There is no animal that has been treated with more contempt and neglect than piggy. Even Sir Walter Scott had the weakness to be ashamed when a young squaker "took to" him (as all animals did) and wanted to accompany him on an expedition. Frank Buckland, however, to whom nothing was alien in the way of natural history, tells us that the pig has considerable mental endowments. He interviewed several proprietors of Learned Pigs, who impressed him with their information upon this subject, which was, however, confidential. His narrative of the Pig of Burdwan, however, is founded, he assures us, on the best authority—

It chanced [writes a relative of his in India, whom he had asked to communicate to him any facts he had observed about animals] that I am now at Burdwan, where there is a native rajah who keeps a really good menagerie. He has two rhinoceroses, who live in a large walled enclosure, in the centre of which is a reservoir of water, and five crocodiles live in this lake. The said crocodiles are fed with young pigs, which are turned into the enclosure; and when, unconscious of their danger, they go down to the water to drink, they fall into the jaws of the "grim alligators." There is, however, one full-grown pig now in the enclosure who has grown up there, having survived the perils of his early youth in this dangerous place. It seems that all at once he took a fancy to the rhinoceroses, and when the rhinoceroses went down to drink he went with them, and managed to escape under their legs from the rush of the alligators. Since his first escape, he only goes to drink under the protection of the rhinoceroses, with whom he is on the most familiar terms. I was told that he looks on with perfect unconcern at the fate of the young pigs which are now sent in to feed the crocodiles, and never attempts to associate with them or warn them of their danger.

This was selfish of the pig, of course, but not, alas! in one sense, inhuman. What is sad to add, one of the rhinoceroses presently died, and the survivor did not afford sufficient cover to poor piggy, who fell a victim to the alligators after all.

With affairs of State my humble pen has no ambition to concern itself, but the administration of the Army seems really in a parlous condition. It appears to be too big a thing for the Department in charge of it; it is singular that no one has suggested "Whiteley's." Why not put it in the hands of the "Universal Provider"? It is said, I know not with what truth, that he already furnishes Colonels and Majors to make *quatorzièmes* at what would be otherwise unlucky dinners, and also for evening parties; why not give him the whole regimental business? That our military affairs are getting into a sad state is certain from the depreciation in the value of officers of high rank. In the *Sun* of Dec. 1 there is this only too significant advertisement: "General for sale in Picnic; all at £40." Subalterns, one supposes, can therefore be obtained at forty shillings. It is curious (and shows mismanagement somewhere) that under these circumstances there should be any difficulty in getting recruits—mere privates.

An attack is being made upon the present generation of boys for their ill-judgment in the choice of books. It is said that they care nothing for "style," do not read Stevenson, find Scott "tedious," Thackeray "slow," and do not see the humour even of Dickens. It is added that they can only get through the first part of "Robinson Crusoe"; but that is surely not to the discredit of anybody who has tried the second. The boy, we are told, has, in common with the tiger, a taste for blood, and can't have too much of it; in default of gore he will put up with mutinies and hairbreadth escapes, but action he must have. But when was it otherwise? The critics who write so reprovingly upon these matters have unconsciously their own boyhood in their mind, which was probably more or less exceptional; they were literary boys, always a distinct class, and they confuse it with that of the common (but certainly not "garden") boy. There are probably as many of the former as ever there were; lads who pore over Scott's "Ivanhoe," and roar over "Pickwick." The new editions that are constantly being issued of Dickens cannot be all for adults. There is, doubtless, a growing impatience of the longer works of fiction among boys, caused partly by the supply of "snippets"—things that can be surreptitiously read in a single school time—and partly by the rage for athletics that has cut down the schoolboy's time for reading anything; but the love of good fiction among the more intelligent of our lads is, I believe, as strong as ever.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

The Smithfield Club Show, which opened in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, was the ninety-ninth since the first that was held in 1798. There are centenary celebrations ahead of us, therefore, in the near future; and this particular one will be held with all pomp, circumstance, and, we may add, success, for the Prince of Wales has accepted the presidency of the Club for the coming year. The Prince, who has long been an exhibitor at the Club's shows, was a visitor to the Agricultural Hall on Monday, where this year's display of cattle was larger than ever, though there has been a diminution in the entries for live sheep and pigs. A very important section of the show is that which deals with machinery, roots and seeds, feeding stuffs, manures, and other farm requisites too numerous to name. Judgment was passed on Monday on the live cattle, on Tuesday on the table poultry, which showed an increased number of entries, and on Wednesday the carcass competition results were completed and announced. Among prize-winners may be named the Queen, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. J. D. Fletcher, Major Best, Mr. J. J. Colman, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Huntly, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Sir F. A. Montefiore, and Mr. W. Nimmo. The champion bullock at the show has beaten the record, for it has taken in prizes over £600, as well as many cups. The champion ox, bred by Mr. John Wortley, has already passed into the hands of a famous firm of caterers.

On Monday the Prince of Wales was accompanied to the show by the Duke of Cambridge, and attended by Sir Dighton Probyn and Captain Portescue. His Royal Highness, who was received by the Marquis of Huntly, this year's President of the Club, took luncheon with Sir Walter Gilbey and the directors of the Hall Company before proceeding to inspect the exhibits of "the roast beef of Old England," and those other flesh products for which Great Britain has her fame justly established throughout Europe.

## THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

Reports up to last Sunday and Monday from Sir William Lockhart's camp in Tirah seem favourable to prospects of peace with the Afridi tribes. One tribe, the Mamuzais, having failed to send in the required number of forfeited rifles, a tower belonging to them has been destroyed. Letters written by fanatical Mullahs to the Malikis, or tribal chiefs, found in some of the villages, show the false assurances by which the recent outbreak of hostilities was provoked. It was asserted that the Turks, having conquered the Greeks, were now making war on the English, and would deprive us of the Suez Canal; while the Ameer of Afghanistan would proclaim a Jihad, or Moslem Holy War, to drive the British from India. The most recent operations of General Lockhart in the Chamkanni district were performed last week by a column of troops under command of Colonel Hill, who demolished sixty villages or hamlets, with nine mills, and captured the herd village, Shabi, on Dec. 2, with a little fighting at the "sangars," or redoubts of loosely piled stones; Lieutenant R. M. Battey, of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, was killed, three other British officers wounded; and four or five English private soldiers killed. The Commander-in-Chief, as well as General Gaselee, who had joined him towards the Kurram Pass, has now returned to his headquarters at Bagh. The Chamkanni highlanders were habitual robbers, quite deserving the punishment they have now received. We give a number of illustrations of the recent fighting from the sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, and our military correspondents. Of his Sketch of the wounding of Captain Badcock, Mr. Prior writes: "This remarkably unpleasant incident took place just outside my tent. We were sitting at dinner at the time, and although a constant fire was being kept up we all stuck to our meal until Captain Badcock suddenly jumped up, exclaiming that he was hit. The wound in his arm proved so serious that the limb had to be amputated next day. A little later, while Mr. René Bull and myself were at dinner, a bullet sent our water-bottle flying in pieces. What with fever and bullets we are getting a bad time."

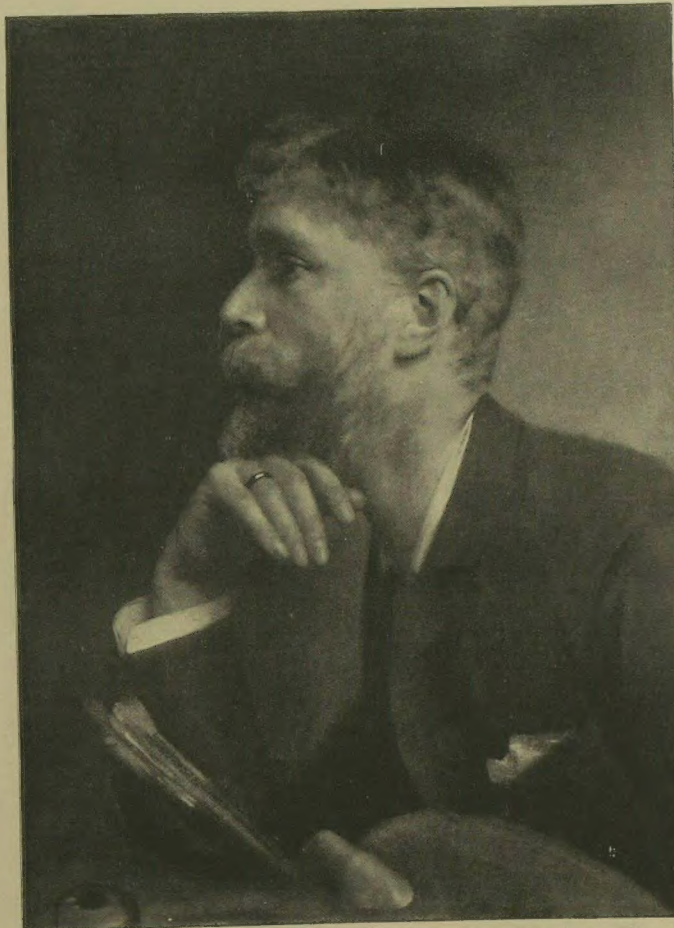
## THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

A curious rumour, set afloat by German politicians at Berlin, affirms that the Mahdi's successor, the Khalifa, ruling Prophet and Prince of the Dervishes, or confederate tribes of Mohammedan fanatics in the Soudan, wishes now to make peace with the Egyptian Government. It is stated that he would surrender the Nile, Metemmel, Omdurman, and Khartoum, and leave open the traffic of the upper course of that river, if he were granted an hereditary principality of Kordofan and Darfour. The truth of such rumours may well be doubted, and the military operations of the Khedive's excellently organised force, under Sir Herbert Kitchener's command, proceeding slowly but surely, will not be relaxed. As the immediate consequence of his recent visit to the Italian headquarters at the seaport of Massowah, an Anglo-Egyptian garrison of eight hundred regular troops, under Colonel Parsons,

will occupy Kassala two or three days before Christmas. The Italian garrison will retire, leaving the guns of the fort to be paid for by the Egyptian Government. In the meantime, we are still receiving from Mr. Villiers, our Special Artist, historical illustrations of the scenes at Abu Hamed and at other places along the Nile banks of the Nubian Desert, showing the effects of the late successful advancing campaign. The completion of the railway across the desert, a wonderful new feature in the political and commercial geography of the Soudan, is a work of greater real interest than any of the past fighting. The shattered ramparts of the Dervish fortifications are used by the soldiers to yield materials for the railway embankment, as may be seen in our Artist's sketch presented this week.

## MR. E. A. WATERLOW A.R.A.

The new President of the Royal Water Colour Society, Mr. Ernest Albert Waterlow, A.R.A., was born in London in 1852. The son of a well-known lithographer, he was educated at Eltham Collegiate School, and afterwards at Heidelberg. He was twenty-three when he won the Turner Gold Medal in the Royal Academy Schools, of which he had then been a student for a year. He was elected an Associate in 1890. His connection with the Royal Water Colour Society as a member dates back to 1880, so that he is well known personally as well as by his art to the artists who have now elected him as their chief.



MR. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.  
From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Mr. Waterlow is known by the beauty of the lighting in his pastoral landscapes, not only in water-colour, but also in oil-painting.

## THE LATE STORM ON THE SEA-COAST.

Further accounts of the damage and vast disturbance on the North Sea coast, and on that of Kent more especially, from the violent gales which blew in the last days of November, and from the inroads of the sea upon the land, have added to the tale of a natural visitation seldom exceeded in its force. The atmospheric commotion appears to have been cyclonic, turning round from north-west to south-west, and the latter manifestation therefore affected the waters of St. George's Channel and the Bristol Channel; but it was on the eastern shores of England that the sea could flood large tracts of low-lying country, breaking through dykes which serve ordinarily for their protection. This was most remarkable along the North Kent coast, from Margate, Whitstable, and Herne Bay up to Woolwich; the marshes being inundated far inland in some places to the destruction of great numbers of cattle and sheep, and of the outbuildings of many farms. Shoerness was as much exposed to suffer havoc from the high tidal wave as any town, but none escaped a share of the infliction; sea-walls and piers must be repaired at a heavy cost. It may be calculated that the aggregate of losses to public and private property will amount to £250,000. Herne Bay alone having sustained £10,000 worth of damage, with its marine promenade, a mile long, totally effaced; and to Whitstable the loss is £30,000. On the Essex shore, Harwich and the neighbouring places, also Southend, and General Booth's

home colony of labourers higher up the estuary of the Thames, were severely injured. There were fewer shipwrecks than might have been expected. Along the outer coast the wind blew off shore. On another page we give portraits of the survivors of a Margate crew wrecked in the brave attempt to carry aid to a distressed vessel, together with some account of their gallant endeavour.

## LONDON'S NEW MENAGERIE.

Messrs. Barnum and Bailey have safely landed in the London docks the beasts for their great show, and have lodged them at Olympia. The elephants are a mighty herd; and it remains to be seen whether the baby of the party will take more kindly to English children than it has done to precocious young America. The show of zebras is particularly strong, the lions are good specimens, so are the tigers and the pumas; but a large share of interest will centre in the creature called Johanna, whether she be ape, gorilla, chimpanzee, or hybrid, as it has been variously described by various reporters. Her expression is that of a human pessimist, even when she is handling a pen to write her autograph or drawing a cork to take a glass of port at dessert.

## THE BICENTENARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

On Thursday, Dec. 2, an impressive and picturesque ceremonial marked the bicentenary of St. Paul's Cathedral. The celebration appropriately took the form of a great Masonic demonstration, for the mysterious Craft, as we noted last week, is inseparably bound up by traditional association with theminster of the East. The service, which was timed to begin at half-past three, was attended by upwards of six thousand brethren and a limited number of privileged visitors. So great were the demands on the space of the Cathedral that some were, unfortunately, turned away, not from any fault in organisation, but from the remarkable fact that nearly everyone who had received a ticket had used it—the usual one-third allowance for absentees proving in this instance a considerable overestimate. By three o'clock every place was filled, except the space close to the altar-rails, reserved for the grand officers. The Army, the Navy, the Church, Medicine, Law, Commerce, the Stage were all represented. All present wore the regulation black tie and white gloves, and, in addition, the gorgeous "clothing" of the order, which lent brilliancy to the scene. At half-past three a procession advanced from the west door. The City Mace and Sword preceded, then the Lord Mayor in his State robes, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, and Common Councillors, all in their official dress. The grand officers followed with their sword-bearer, the Marshals, the Deacons, the Wardens, and finally Mr. W. W. Beach, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Hants and the Isle of Wight, representing his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Grand Master of the Craft. At twenty minutes to four the organ, on which Brother G. F. Smith, Grand Organist, had discoursed melody from half-past two to three, pealed out the music of the processional hymn, "Blessed city, heavenly Salem," and the choir, many members of which wore Masonic insignia, advanced to their places. The clergy followed. With them walked in scarlet robes Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., to whom is intrusted the work of decorating the Cathedral. Archdeacon Sinclair intoned the evensong service, and the Dean read the Lessons. The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" (Gadsby in C) and the anthem, "Praise the Lord" (Goss) were magnificently sung. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who chose as his text I. Chron. xxii. 5—"The house that is to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnificent, of fame and of glory throughout all countries." Touching on the fundamental fact that, except as a recognition of the Divine Sovereignty, the national life was meaningless, hence David's desire for a Temple, the preacher went on to show that it was in a very special sense as an embodiment of the national life that St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey were erected. Sketching the history of the Cathedral, the Bishop dwelt on its glories and on its connection with the Masonic craft. He passed to the vexed question of the decoration of the interior, now so happily in progress of solution, and, addressing the congregation, remarked that it was natural that they, representing as they did an ancient order, representatives of Englishmen far and wide, should feel an interest in the fortunes of the great historic buildings in the land. They were there to testify to that fact, and he asked them to contribute towards the embellishment of that temple of peace. The offertory was then taken by the stewards during the singing of "Now thank we all our God" and the Hundredth Psalm. The Bishop thereafter pronounced the Benediction, and the proceedings terminated with the National Anthem, sung with splendid effect by the congregation and choir standing. So closed a memorable service. It may be noted that a definite portion of the mosaic decoration (for the completion of which £100,000 is still required) will be assigned by Sir W. B. Richmond to the Freemasons. The panel or spandril thus devoted will fittingly commemorate not only the connection of the Craft with St. Paul's, but the solemn and beautiful ceremonial which marked the two-hundredth anniversary of the Cathedral.





THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: A BAGGAGE GUARD OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT BEATING OFF AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY IN THE ARHANGA DEFILE.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

"A convoy just emerging from the Arhanga Pass, and within a mile of camp, was attacked by some two or three hundred Afridis. There were only about sixteen men of the Queen's Regiment acting as baggage guard, and at the first onslaught of the enemy, unfortunately, three of the Queen's were cut down and killed; but Lance-Corporal Simpson, realising the position, with great presence of mind called all his remaining men around him, and by steadily pouring in volleys so disconcerted the enemy that they fell back. They still kept up a heavy fire, however, and for a quarter of an hour the Queen's held their own until reinforced by the Northampton. For this gallant work Corporal Simpson has been made full Sergeant."





THE GREAT GALE: THE DISASTER TO THE MARGATE SURF-BOAT, "FRIEND OF ALL NATIONS."

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. C. J. De Lacy.*



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle on Friday, Dec. 3, received the Marquis of Salisbury, the Russian Ambassador, with Madame de Staël, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Count de Casa Valencia, who presented his letters of recall. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the Queen that day; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughters, came on Saturday, and Prince Arthur of Connaught on Sunday, when also Prince and Princess Christian dined with her Majesty. The Bishop of Ripon officiated at the Sunday morning service in the private chapel. The Empress Eugénie and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were visitors of the Queen last week.

The Duchess of Albany on Friday visited Uppingham School, in Rutlandshire, and unveiled a marble bust of the Queen, presented to the School Museum by Mr. W. F. Rawnsley, a former pupil and master there, now tutor of the young Duke of Albany.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers, Lord Salisbury presiding, was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office.

Liberal party meetings were addressed by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Dunfermline, on Dec. 2; Earl Spencer, at Ipswich, on Friday, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, on the same day, at Guildford. Lord Balfour of Burleigh spoke at a Conservative meeting at Glasgow.

The Jubilee dinner of the Institute of British Architects took place at the Hotel Métropole on Dec. 2, Professor George Aitchison in the chair. The Lord Mayor and the Bishop of London, with Sir E. J. Poynter, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, and Sir J. Wolfe Barry, responding for Art, Literature, and Science, were speakers at the table.

The Conference promoted by the Board of Trade between representatives of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers with allied trades unions and those of the Employers' Federation has been adjourned till next Tuesday, Dec. 14, having failed to come to an agreement. The employers, on Thursday last week, refused absolutely the demand of a fixed limitation of working hours weekly, but would undertake that overtime should not, except in specified emergencies, amount to more than forty hours in a month. They declined also the stipulations with regard to prices of piecework, number of apprentices, selection and training of men for the working of machinery. The workmen's delegates still insisted upon the rule of eight hours' labour daily, or forty-eight hours weekly, and the Conference is suspended for a vote of the trade unions, whether or not to continue the struggle.

The Board of Trade, in a letter from the Secretary, Sir Courtenay Boyle, to Mr. R. Bell, secretary of the Amalgamated Railway Servants' Society, written on behalf of the President, Mr. Ritchie, has declined to undertake negotiations with the railway companies with reference to the lengthy and complex list of demands, concerning rates of wages, rules of promotion, and times of working, put forward by the Railway Servants' Society. A warning is added, "that any attempt to force the claims of the men by a strike would be entirely inconsistent with the exceptional position secured to them by the Legislature"; and Government cannot believe that the men would show such a disregard to the convenience of the travelling public.

The treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece was signed at Constantinople on Saturday afternoon, and is to be ratified next week. The Ambassadors there, with the Sultan's Ministers, have now to determine a plan for the settlement of Crete. It seems likely that the ruler to be appointed will be the Voivode Bozo Petrovitch, of Montenegro, a cousin of the reigning Prince Nicholas, and at present the Prime Minister of that State.

At Berlin on Monday, in the German Imperial Reichstag, the Emperor's Government, through Prince Hohenlohe, the Chancellor, supported by Admiral Tirpitz, Secretary of State for the Navy, and Baron von Bülow, Foreign Secretary, brought in its expected Bill for the construction of an effective fleet of war-ships, to be completed before the year 1904; it is not, they say, to vie with the great Maritime Powers, but for defensive purposes. The mercantile classes seem to approve of this project. The cruiser *Deutschland*, which is to sail from Kiel about Dec. 15, with other ships, conveying Prince Henry of Prussia to China, will take a force of Marines to strengthen the German garrison at Kiaochow.

Conferences now going on in Paris between the British and French Governments with reference to the territorial limits of their respective "spheres of influence" in the Hinterland, or interior back region, of the Lower Niger, behind Lagos, are watched just now with some anxiety, there being a supposed danger, meanwhile, of untimely collision between the French expeditions at Nikki and Bousa and the forces of the Royal Niger Company about to go up the river.

The Czech nationality riots at Prague, and the equally reprehensible outbreak of German enmity at Vienna to the Polish and Bohemian and other Slavonic subjects of the Austrian Empire, have subsided in the last few days. But their effect having been the stoppage of legislation in the Austrian Reichstag upon the necessary renewal of the Constitutional compact between Austria and the sister kingdom of Hungary, a perilous interruption of legal relations, and of administrative business, tariffs of trade, and the like, has seemed to be impending. The Hungarian Diet may, in default of the "Ausgleich," choose to act as an independent State. In the proved conciliatory wisdom of the Emperor Francis Joseph is the best hope of a satisfactory settlement of this difficult problem.

Italy is passing through a Ministerial resignation crisis, but the King has requested the Marquis di Rudini to reconstruct his Cabinet, which is very desirable in the present state of affairs.

In America, President McKinley's Message to the United States Congress on Monday was reassuring with regard to political intentions. Courteous and friendly to Spain, while firmly insisting upon the duty of seeing

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE SAVOY.

It is almost thirty years ago since Paris first welcomed Offenbach's masterpiece, "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein"; and the curious deadlock of light music which we have encountered has made Mr. D'Oyly Carte hark back, in the hope of attracting the public of '97 with the sparkle of '68. To that end he has got Mr. Charles Brookfield to re-translate the book and Mr. Adrian Ross to re-jingle the lyrics of "The Grand Duchess." The new production lacks, perhaps, some of the "go" which Miss Emily Soldene managed to instil into the opera; but it has brought the Duchess into line with the refined taste which the Savoy has pre-eminently created. Mr. Carte did the wise thing when he annexed Miss Florence St. John for his heroine. Her appearance in "La Périochole" at the Garrick the other day has brought her into touch with the Offenbachian method, and she makes as pretty a Duchess as you could wish. Mr. H. A. Lytton, as the puny Prince, is a sheer delight. He has just the right air of distinction, not to say daintiness, which we associate with the period, and he sings, dances, and speaks with equal charm. Mr. Passmore is rather out of it, and Mr. Kenningham falls beneath the standard of his Colonel Fairfax in "The Yeomen of the Guard." The opera is beautifully mounted.

"A MAN'S SHADOW," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

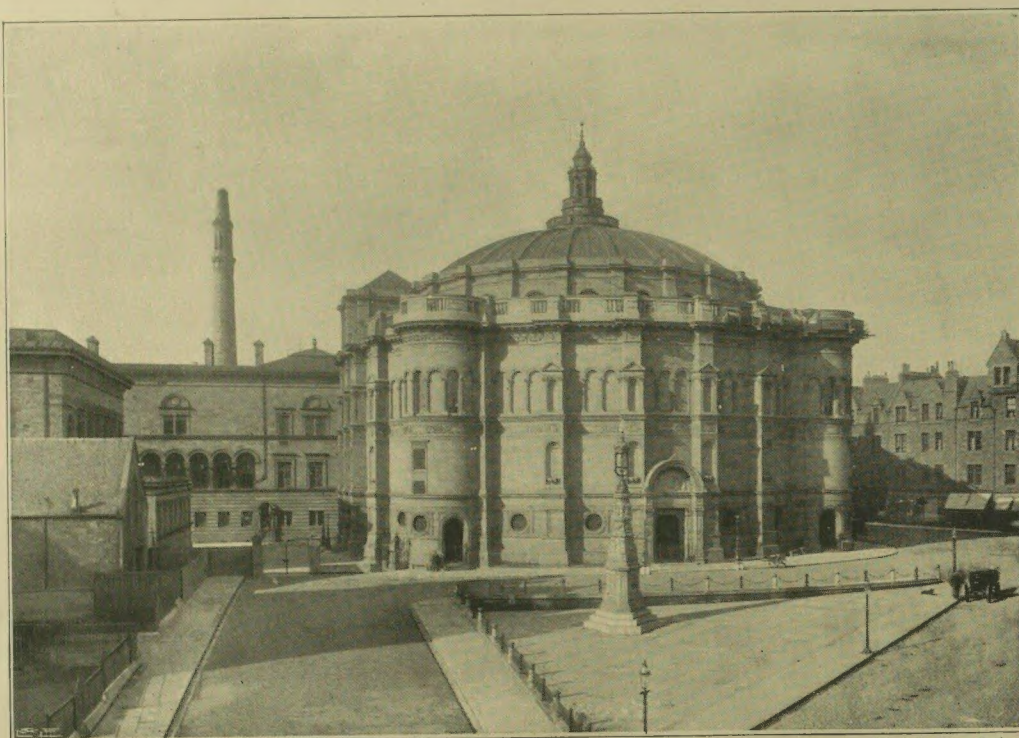
There is little to say concerning the recent revival of "A Man's Shadow," save, perhaps, that, thanks to its luridly powerful third act, Mr. Buchanan's adaptation of "Roger La Honte" went to as vehement applause at Her Majesty's Theatre a fortnight ago as it evoked when brought out at the Haymarket in 1889. Doubtless it is a matter for regret that Mr. Tree should have condescended to follow Mr. Alexander's example in putting unabashed melodrama before a West-End public at the close of 1897. But, at least, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre may claim to be offering a better specimen of the machine-made play than is presented by his rival. "A Man's Shadow" is admirably put together for the purposes of the theatre. Its adroitly prepared situations are exciting and often harrowing; and its strongly defined characters offer ready scope to competent players. Mr. Waller, the advocate, like Mr. Fernandez before him, scored a great success of declamation in the court scene; and Mr. Tree, in the dual rôle of hero and villain, alternated skilfully between the naturalistic and the melodramatic. But in the third act the latter performer should not let Laroque yawn when on trial for his life; and he were also well advised to bring down the penultimate curtain on hysterical shouts less shrill and thin.

"THE HAPPY LIFE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Mr. L. N. Parker has not been long out of the bills, for though "The Vagabond King" abdicated at the Court, "The Happy Life" reigns at the Duke of York's. Mr. Parker has written a comedy which reminds one of "Sweet Lavender," but touches real life at points far more closely than Mr. Pinero's pretty play. The initial idea is good—the young American, Cyril Charteris, repudiating the paternal store in Chicago and shutting himself up in chambers in the Temple with his curios and his books, and woman well outside his sported oak. The quaint Quixotism of "the happy life" is good. But the entry of the woman, Evelyn, is too adventurous, and the marriage between her and Cyril is too Quixotic. The Pettigrew-Smiths are, however, real people, perhaps a little too real to form the background for the fairy atmosphere of the first act. Mr. Fred Kerr is clever, but he is not a Don Quixote. On the other hand, Mr. Hermann Vezin is excellent as the hack author, and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald is very real as his caddish son. Miss Carlotta Nilsson makes a bright American girl, and Miss Dorothea Baird is Don Quixote's choice.

"DANDY DAN," AT THE LYRIC.

Nobody should support the growing fashion of giving new plays a trial trip in the provinces more than Mr. Arthur Roberts, because he creates his pieces from night to night. For this reason his latest production, "Dandy Dan, the Lifeguardsman" (with the accent on the "man"), is a good deal more coherent than that hapless "White Silk Dress." Of course, as usual, it is all Arthur Roberts; but his rest in the country has done him good, and the character of a swaggering Lifeguardsman suits him to a hair. He is undeniably funny; he has got a lively colleague in Miss Isa Bowman, two excellent singers in Miss Kate Erskine and Mr. Frank Barclay, and an unusually powerful chorus.



McEWAN HALL, EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

reasonable liberties bestowed upon Cuba, for which American intervention might be eventually justified; favourable to the arbitration principle in other disputes with foreign nations; but recommending the annexation of Hawaii. The serious loss of trade and of revenue from Mr. Dingley's Protectionist tariff is lightly passed over, but is very keenly felt in the States.

## THE McEWAN HALL, EDINBURGH.

Mr. Balfour struck the right note when, in opening the gorgeous hall on Dec. 3 which Mr. William McEwan, M.P., has given to Edinburgh University, he dwelt on the vitality of Universities. In Scotland this is remarkably true. The Universities there are all based on the old medieval academic system, notably of Paris and Bologna. To this day, indeed, they elect Lord Rectors just as Paris did centuries ago; and far-away Aberdeen carries out the election by the primitive system of Nations, which Paris itself has long abandoned. And yet while keeping to this ancient anchorage, the Scottish Universities are thoroughly in touch with the life and needs of to-day. Within the last half-century, Aberdeen, the most northerly University town in the kingdom, has spent nearly a quarter of a million on building improvements, while Edinburgh has spent twice as much, this McEwan Hall alone having cost £223,000, of which Mr. McEwan has stood good for £115,000. Edinburgh is now completely equipped. It has built up into itself a spacious Students Union; while this Hall puts its University authorities, and, indeed, the town of Edinburgh, in possession of a splendid pile, which seats 3000 people, and is a perfect treasure-house of artistic decoration of every possible description. Mr. McEwan, who is nearly seventy, and who represents Central Edinburgh in Parliament, received the degree of LL.D., and Mr. Balfour, as Chancellor of the University, made an excellent speech, as notable as Lord Rosebery's recent oratory in Edinburgh.



## PERSONAL.

Lord Reay, the new Chairman of the London School Board, has good Dutch blood in his veins, and, indeed, had to be naturalised. His first known ancestor was Angus Don Mackay, the leader of "four thousand Mackays of Strathnaver." In 1624, Sir Donald Mackay was created Baron Reay. This nobleman's second son established the famous Mackay Regiment, which distinguished itself in Holland. He married a Dutchwoman, and his descendants became thoroughly Dutch. His great-great-grandson, Baron Mackay d'Ophemert (in Gelderland) succeeded as tenth Lord Reay in 1875. He married a daughter of Baron Fagel, Privy Councillor in the Netherlands, and their sole surviving son is now Chairman of the London School Board. He still has a seat in Holland.

The Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, the new Vice-Chairman of the London School Board, is a man of nearly sixty years of age. He was born in the London he now labours to educate, being the son of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley, and younger brother of the present peer. Educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he became Fellow in 1862, he was called to the Bar three years later, and entered Parliament for Oldham in 1880, holding his seat for five years. His public service, other than that involved by a seat on the School Board, included the work that fell to him as Assistant Commissioner on the Friendly Societies Commission, as a member of the Royal Commissions on the Housing of the Poor and on Elementary Education, and as Commissioner to investigate the Royal Liver Friendly Society, of Liverpool, and the Cardiff Savings Bank. The London School Board, of which he became a member in 1876, and has remained one with a single interval of three years, has been the scene of his greatest activity; and the triumph of the Progressives at the recent polls is naturally followed by his accession to the Vice-Chair.

It is satisfactory to learn that in view of the recent revolt of Soudanese troops and Mohammedan malcontents in East Africa the permanent staff of British officers in Uganda is to be considerably increased. The Government troops already in the Protectorate are doubtless sufficient in number to meet the emergencies of any local disaffection; but the importance of having these troops under the control of experienced officers cannot be overestimated. The first of the officers to receive new appointments in Uganda is Major Martyr, who is to succeed the murdered Major Blyford Thruston as



J. EPPS. H. BROCKMAN, JUN. R. LADD. J. GILBERT.  
THE SURVIVORS OF THE CREW OF THE WRECKED MARGATE SURF-BOAT.  
From a Photograph by G. Houghton, Margate.

was strongly guarded by attendants, came near to being stormed by the Social Democrats, the President being addressed in terms of opprobrium which must be described as strong even for the Austrian Reichsrath.

Dr. Kathrein, the ex-President of the Austrian House

to questions like the local veto which have proved embarrassing to his party. Local veto, he declares, must be abandoned for the present in favour of some more practical measure of temperance reform. This attitude threatens the Opposition with another split. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has never taken any prominent part in the

debates of the House of Commons, nor shown any other sign of the ambition which some Radicals now desire to thrust upon him.

M. Zola has come out in a new character. He is convinced of the innocence of Captain Dreyfus, and has preached it in some powerful articles in the *Figaro*. Moreover, he is waging war against the spirit of Anti-Semitism, which is a raving fury in a certain section of the Paris Press. Anybody who either believes in the innocence of Dreyfus, or thinks that the case demands a new trial, is denounced as a German spy. There is a considerable number of distinguished Frenchmen who hold that a new trial is necessary to satisfy public opinion.

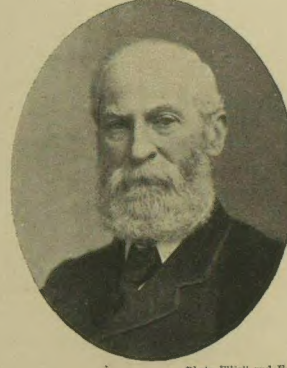
Major Esterhazy is to be tried by court-martial, but it does not appear whether this is on account of his own extraordinary letters or because he is accused of writing the document on which Captain Dreyfus was condemned. Nobody can understand why the Minister of War, who is sincerely convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus, does not produce the proofs. If the prisoner confessed, why not publish the confession? One of his champions is M. Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, a man of the highest integrity. Why does not General Billot take the Vice-President into his confidence? If he convinced this inquirer, the agitation in favour of Dreyfus would receive a damaging blow.



LORD REAY,  
Chairman of the London School Board.



MAJOR MARTYR, D.S.O.,  
Second in Command of Uganda Protectorate Forces.



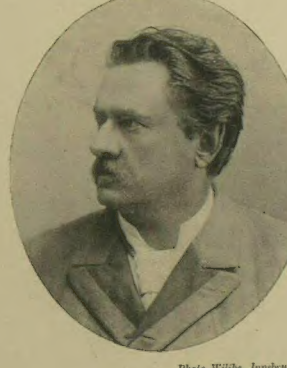
THE HON. E. LYULPH STANLEY,  
Vice-Chairman of the London School Board.



DR. VON ABRAHAMOVIC,  
President of Lower House of Austrian Reichsrath.



BARON VON GAUTSCH,  
The New Austrian Premier.



DR. KATHREIN,  
Ex-President of Lower House of Austrian Reichsrath.

Baron von Gautsch, the new Prime Minister of Austria, is a clerical and reactionary of the deepest dye. In the Baden Cabinet he filled the position as Minister of Education. To the Opposition he cannot be acceptable, and it is believed that his appointment is only temporary; the final choice will most likely fall upon the great Anti-Semitic leader and would-be Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Lueger.

Dr. von Abrahamovic, President of the Austrian House of Commons, is a Pole, Doctor of Laws, and reactionary. He is extremely unpopular among the Liberal minority, and the Opposition protested against his election by leaving the House in a body. He is an out-and-out partisan. The German party strongly object to him, and there is no denying that, with his weak voice and excitable manner, he is not the most suitable person to preside over such a turbulent assembly as the Austrian Reichsrath. As a matter of fact, on one occasion the President's desk, which

of Commons, who was forced by the Opposition to resign, is perhaps the most determined clerical partisan hailing from the strongly reactionary province of Tyrol.

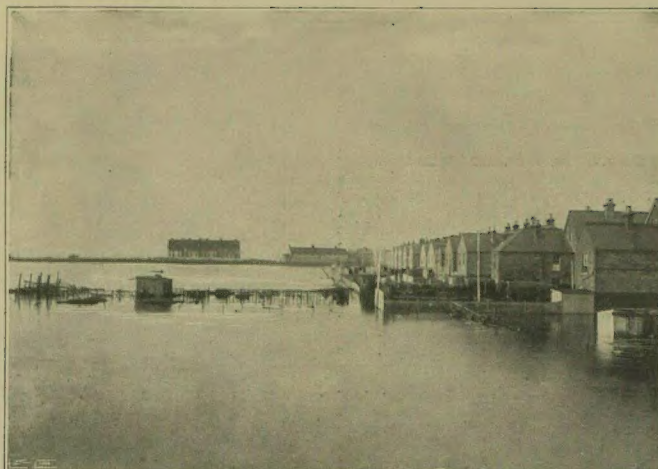
The gale of last week closed with a calamity not often equalled in the annals of life-boat service. At Margate, the surf-boat, *Friend of All Nations*, was called out on

Thursday morning, with a crew of thirteen. Crossing the bay with a north wind, the boat was struck by a large sea near the Nayland Rock, and capsized. All the crew wore heavy clothing, and none of them wore life-belts, though life-belts were provided in the boat-house. Their chance of escape in such a sea was very small; and, as a matter of fact, nine brave men were drowned, all their bodies being recovered shortly afterwards. The four survivors were Messrs. J. Gilbert, Harry Brockman, J. Epps, and Robert Ladd. They escaped by clinging to the capsized boat, with which they drifted to the Royal Crescent wall, and were there rescued by the passers-by. For the widows and orphans—some sixty in number—made by the fatality a public fund is in course of generous subscription.





THE WRECKED "ROSE OF DEVON" AT PORTTOWAN, CORNWALL.  
*Photo J. Burrow, Camborne.*



THE REAR OF NELSON ROAD, WHITSTABLE.  
*Photo Castle, Whitstable.*



THE SHORE, WHITSTABLE.  
*Photo Castle.*



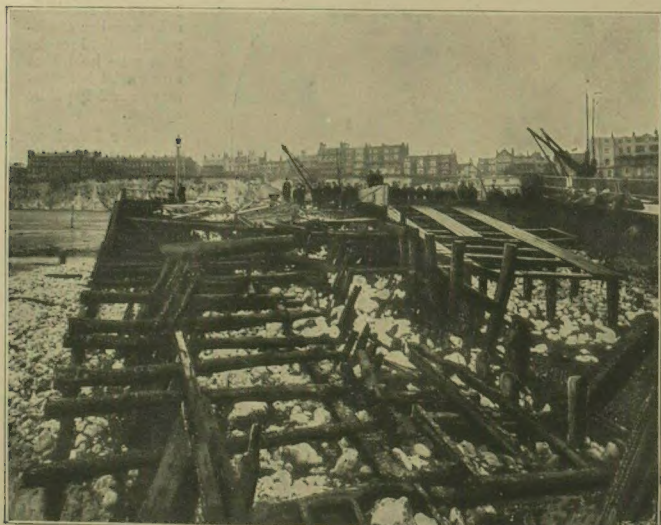
SITE OF THE "OLD NEPTUNE" PUBLIC-HOUSE, WHITSTABLE, TOTALLY DESTROYED.  
*Photo D. Castle.*



NELSON ROAD, WHITSTABLE, AT 4 P.M. ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29.  
*Photo Castle.*



ISLAND WALL, WHITSTABLE.  
*Photo Currier.*

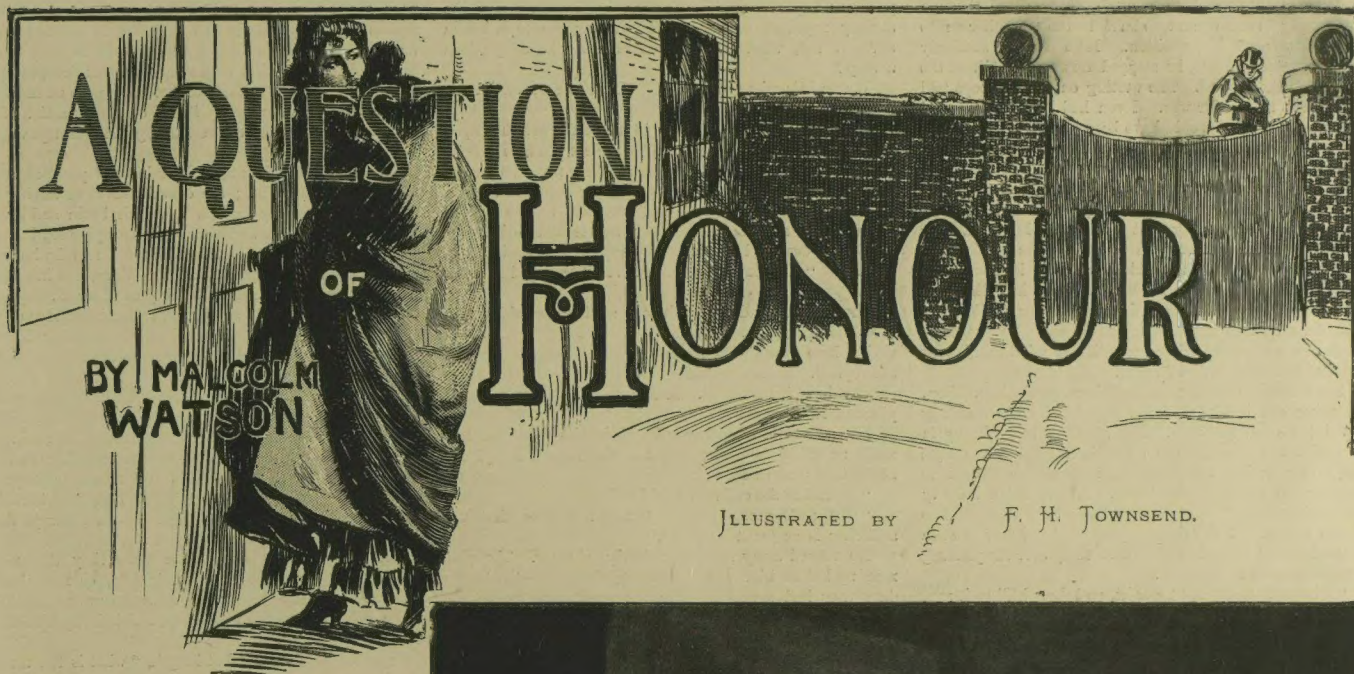


THE WRECKED PIER AT BROADSTAIRS.  
*Photo Swaine, Broadstairs.*



YARMOUTH JETTY DURING THE GALE.  
*Photo Tilley, Great Yarmouth.*

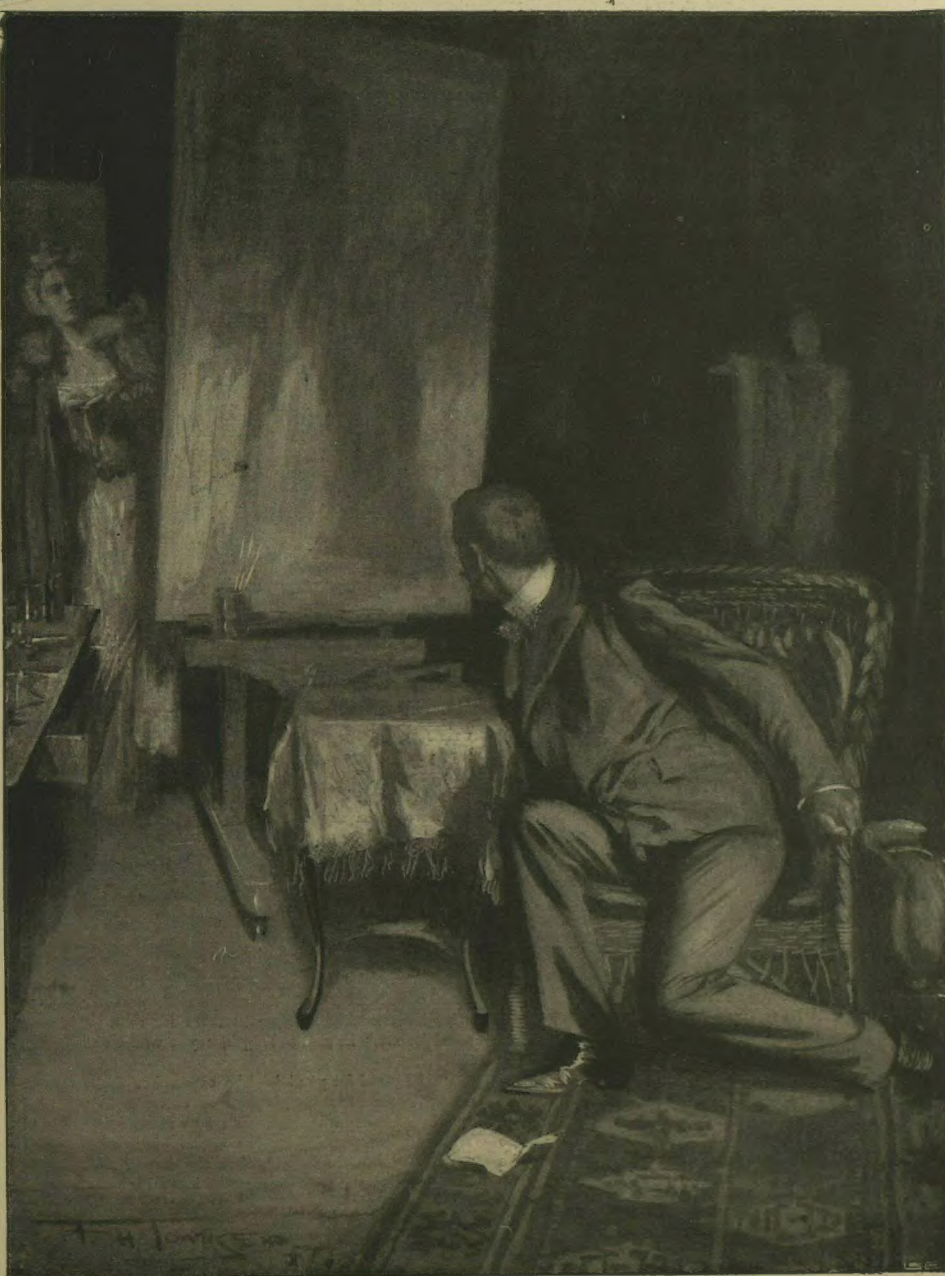




IT had come at last. The blow which Gerald Dane feared and almost expected had fallen. During the months that had passed since he first met Ella Strange, he had never deceived himself. That she loved him as passionately as he her there was not the slightest doubt in his mind. From the first he had been forced to face that fact. Sweet as was the remembrance of it in one sense, in another nothing could be more horrible, more agonising. To have lost her knowing that he held only a secondary place in her affections, would have been bad enough. But to lose her feeling that her heart belonged solely and absolutely to himself, rendered the situation a hundredfold more terrible. There had been no quarrel, no suggestion even of a quarrel. Between the two confidence reigned supreme. Yet, while Gerald had never sought to arrogate to himself the position of an accepted lover, there had not been any attempt to conceal the truth. The endeavour, had it been made, would certainly have resulted in failure. The elemental forces at work within both were far too strong for that. That these forces found no articulate means of expression was the least thing to be considered. As a medium of communication words had long ceased to be of any real value to Gerald Dane and Ella Strange.

And now the blow had fallen. A curious sense of uneasiness had oppressed Gerald all the morning, and early in the afternoon he had stopped work, closed the door of the studio behind him, and gone out for a long walk. In after days the incidents of his ramble had an odd trick of returning to his memory; the events seemed with time to obtain an importance which at the moment of happening they certainly lacked. How much ground he had covered and whither his steps had led him he undoubtedly knew as little as anyone when he found himself once more standing before the studio door. A clock in the distance struck seven, and it occurred to him that the question of dining would speedily call for serious consideration. A boy went whistling past with a bundle of evening papers under his arm, and Gerald paused for an instant, the key of the studio in his hand, to deliberate whether he should purchase one now or take his chance of seeing it later at the club. For some reason, wholly inexplicable to himself, he appeared unexpectedly to have developed a strange interest in unimportant things. The appearance of the door facing him held his attention. Where had his eyes been, he wondered, not to have remarked the blistered and almost shabby aspect it presented? The thing must be rectified at once. To-morrow, or at latest next day, he would certainly have to look to it.

Christmas Eve! yet the fact had entirely faded from Gerald's mind as he passed into the studio. In



*Suddenly he was stirred to vivid consciousness by the sound of a voice with every note of which he was familiar.*



the growing darkness his eye caught the shimmer of something white lying upon the floor—a letter that the postman had dropped through the slit during his absence. He did not pick it up at once—a feeling, the precise nature of which he himself hardly understood, prevented him. Presently he laughed, a dull, hollow laugh, that echoed through the empty studio and startled the laughter into consciousness of his position. Like a man suddenly aroused from a trance, he stepped forward and lifted the letter from the ground. The writing on the envelope told at once who the sender was. Even had he not glanced at it, however, the fact would have been patent to him. The entire day, he felt, had been, as it were, a kind of preparation for this moment; events had simply shaped themselves in order to lead up to the climax that had now been reached. He made no haste to open the letter. Why should he indeed, seeing that he already knew what its contents were? Presently he walked across to the fireplace, and setting a comfortable easy chair in front of it, sat down, his feet on the fender. The fire had died out, but Gerald scarcely noticed the circumstance. Force of habit drew him to the accustomed place. The one thing which betrayed unwonted perturbation of mind on his part was that he forgot to light a pipe.

For some minutes he remained there, motionless. Then, stretching out his hand for a paper-knife, he carefully ripped the envelope open. The shadows hung heavy in the studio, but through the great, high window a gas-jet outside threw just sufficient light to enable Gerald to decipher the words of the letter. It was not a lengthy communication, yet long enough to seal the doom of two human beings. If the devil is permitted to know of such things, he must have chuckled enormously over the penning of the document in question.

"I have thought, and thought, and thought," so it ran, "until I can think no more. In the process everything seems to have become blurred and confused. No; I am wrong—not everything. One point stands out clear and distinct. It has, indeed, always been so. I recognised the fact long back, and if at times I have been tempted to deceive myself in this respect, I was wrong, utterly wrong. But now the truth must be faced. I am going to marry Sir Henry. Yesterday I gave him my answer, and there can be no drawing back now. My father wishes it—has always wished it—and the others will, of course, benefit. Good-bye. Try to forget me.—ELLA STRANGE."

That was all. No word of love, no tender message that might serve to lessen the shock. Yet Gerald understood. He knew that the writing of the letter had caused Ella pain as intense, suffering as keen, as its receipt brought him. He knew also how much this marriage with Sir Henry meant to Ella—how it would save her sisters from penury, and her father from the bitter position into which his own ambitious folly had drawn him. Yet there is this to be said for Colonel Strange, hard, pitiless martinet as he was, that had Ella insisted on having her own way in the matter of marriage, however much he might have deplored his daughter's obstinacy, he would at least have accepted her determination without any visible show of indignation.

The seconds crept into minutes, the minutes into hours, yet Gerald sat there still and quiet. After the first shock caused by the reading of Ella's letter, a feeling of numbness, a peculiar sense of lassitude, had stolen over him. His brain refused to work, he made no effort even to spur it into activity. The time must, of course, come when he would have to decide what his future line of action was to be; whether the letter he held idly in his hand demanded an answer or not. But at present no thought of the kind troubled him. For the moment he was only conscious of a heavy weight pressing upon him, and of his complete inability to move it. Had he been told that death was the next stage to this state of lethargy the announcement would have occasioned him neither surprise nor fear. Life or death, what did it matter? As well one as the other.

Once more the sound of the clock rang out upon the quiet evening air. One, two, three, Gerald counted in a dreamy unconscious way until he reached eleven. Four hours only since he had returned to the studio, and yet what a lifetime had passed since then—what a pitiless tragedy been enacted!

It seemed to him in his reverie that a noise like that of someone carefully turning the handle of the door made itself heard. But he paid no heed to the circumstance. His condition was such that had an earthquake taken place at the moment the event would have left him absolutely indifferent. Suddenly, however, he was stirred to vivid consciousness by the sound of a voice with every note of which he was familiar. "Gerald," it said, "are you there?"

Instantaneously alive, he sprang to his feet, at the same time turning on the electric light. "Ella," he exclaimed; "you!"

It was indeed Ella Strange, in all the radiance of her wonderful beauty. As she stood before him, Gerald thought he had never gazed upon so lovely a picture. She wore a white evening-dress that showed her perfect figure to the greatest advantage. A single string of pearls encircled her neck and served to enhance the dazzling brilliancy of her skin. Upon her shoulders rested a heavy opera-cloak, which, loosened at the throat, hung in easy folds, forming, as it were, a background to the rest.

"You, Ella!" Gerald cried again.

"Yes," she answered simply, "it is I."

With the slow movement of a man awakened from a dream, Gerald passed his hand across his face. "What could it all mean?" he asked himself. A thousand wild, tempestuous hopes sprang up within his breast. Had she already repented of her decision and come to tell him so? If not, what had induced her to take so perilous a step?

It was Ella who spoke first. "You have received my letter?" she said.

His only reply was a glance to where the note lay upon the floor, as it had dropped from his fingers when he became aware of her presence. A visible shiver passed through Ella as her eyes rested upon the accusing document.

"I am so sorry," she said humbly, answering the reproach she read in his look. "But it had to be."

Gerald drew a long breath. Expectation died out of his face. "Why have you come here?" he asked in a low tone.

She put her hand to her breast, as if some sudden pain throbbed through it. "I could not bear the thought of you sitting here alone, with no one to help—to comfort you," she replied. Then she glanced drearily around. "I knew exactly how it would be. It has all happened just as I pictured it to myself."

He came close up to her and took her hand in his. She made no effort to resist him, but the hand he held lay absolutely passive in his.

"So this is the end?" he said at last.

"The end—yes. But oh, Gerald! believe that my suffering is as great as yours."

He moved away from her slowly, silently. The past rose up before him with increasing clearness—the happy days they had spent together, the sweet confidences, the hopes that had tinged the future with rosy colours.

"I posted my letter this afternoon," she continued. "But it seemed so cold, so inexpressive. We have been such good friends, you and I, we must not part in anger. I wanted to hear you say that you forgave me. I wanted—God knows what I wanted," she broke out, "but something within me forced me to come."

There was a little pause. Presently Ella recovered her self-possession. "My father and I had promised to dine out to-night." She did not say with whom, but Gerald instinctively knew that it was with her future husband. "After dinner I pretended—a weary smile stole over her features as she uttered the next words—"perhaps it was more real than pretended, that I was ill and that I wished to go home. Father offered to accompany me, but I refused to allow him. And then—then I drove on here."

"It might have been better had you stayed away," Gerald said. He spoke grimly—almost harshly.

"Ah, Gerald," she plaintively exclaimed, "don't say that. Think what my life would be did I know that you had not forgiven me."

"To forgive is easy," he answered. "The difficulty is to forget."

"That, too, will come in time. I could not help myself. Consider what it means to father and the girls."

"Yes," he replied bitterly; "by all means let us consider father and the girls. You and I don't count, of course. That is the way of the world. The majority is always right."

She looked at him sadly. "Gerald," she said, "won't you help me just a little? Heaven knows I need all the help you can give me. Life is so hard a thing for some of us. Don't make it harder now."

He turned upon her fiercely. Suddenly he caught her wrists in his hands and held them so, as in a vice. "I love you," he cried vehemently, "I love you! What more do you want?"

Ella shrank before the glowing strength of his passion. "I have given my word," she answered. "I cannot go back."

He threw her contemptuously from him. His anger died within him. In his heart remained only a dull, oppressive feeling of sickness. "As you will," he retorted. "Then there is nothing more to be said."

"Except good-bye," she pleaded, holding out her hands towards him. "Except good-bye."

He did not answer for a moment. Recognising the futility of further words, he hesitated, nevertheless, to utter the one that would part them for ever. "If you cared for me," he said at length, "you would not do this thing."

"If I cared for you!" The expression of the woman changed with the utterance from entreaty to wounded pride. That he of all men should so misunderstand her! Was not her presence in the studio of itself sufficient proof, she said to herself, that she cared? The awful thought that she might have to leave him firm in his mistaken conviction that she had grown indifferent bore in upon her with overwhelming force.

"Gerald," she cried, "you know I care—have always cared. If I were alone in the world—if I had no one dependent upon me—do you think I would hesitate? Is there any sacrifice greater or sadder than that a woman should turn from the man she loves and give herself to another? Ah! don't fancy I am blind to the cruelty, the wickedness, of what I am doing. I know it—I know it—

and yet I cannot help myself. Oh! my love, my love! think kindly of me when I am gone."

The admission maddened him. He sprang forward, seizing her in his arms, pressing her close to his heart, and covering her face with kisses. Ella made no resistance. This, she felt, was the one supreme moment of her life, a moment to be put aside and forgotten in after years, but the glorious ecstasy of which she refused to deny herself. Her head lay upon his shoulder, her arms drooped by her side; the absolute passivity of her body gave no indication of the turmoil in her soul. But if ever the passion of love filled a woman's heart to overflowing, Ella Strange was that woman then.

Gerald was the first to recover his self-possession. He felt pained, humiliated; the consciousness of having done something unworthy beat in upon his brain and brought the colour to his face. This woman had plighted her troth to another, and yet he had not scrupled to take her in his arms and press her lips to his. The thing was intolerable, unpardonable. He had acted the part of a cad.

He turned sullenly away, and seated himself once more in the big easy-chair before the empty grate. "You had better go now," he said at last, "or your father will reach home before you."

Ella choked down the rising sobs that threatened to end in a violent burst of tears. With a low moan she sank down beside him and put her arms around his neck. "If God would only be merciful," she sighed, "and take us together now. But that's too much to hope for. Dear old boy, it is hard upon you. I thought to make it easier by coming to-night, but it seems I always do the wrong thing. Try—try to forgive me."

So engrossed in each other were they that neither heard the turning of the door-handle, or remarked the entrance of a stranger. The newcomer was a tall, handsome man, something over fifty, and holding himself like a military officer.

"Ella," he demanded at length, "what is the meaning of this?"

The girl sprang to her feet, Gerald following her example. "Father!" she faltered, in a voice full of apprehensive emotion.

"Possibly," Colonel Strange continued, "you are not aware that it is close upon midnight. May I point out that in view of the fact your presence in Mr. Dane's studio is, to say the least of it, somewhat extraordinary?"

"How did you know I was here?" she asked, not answering his question.

"Soon after you left our friends I excused myself on the plea of your illness, and returned home only to hear that nothing had been seen of you. It required no great amount of perspicacity to enable me to guess where you were likely to be found."

"Sir," interposed Gerald, "will you allow me to assure you that your daughter merely came here to bid me good-bye? She was on the point of leaving when you entered."

"I gathered that," said the Colonel drily, "from the position in which I discovered her"—he paused an instant, as if to emphasise the two concluding words—"and you."

Gerald felt himself turn crimson. "If," he exclaimed, "you imagine—"

"I imagine nothing," Colonel Strange quietly returned. "If there is anything to explain, I have no doubt my daughter will make it perfectly clear to me."

Ella looked up. There was a strange light in her eyes. "What I have done," she said almost defiantly, "I have done for you and the girls' sake. But please understand I am mistress of my own actions. I will neither be questioned nor controlled by anyone."

The Colonel smiled in a deprecatory sort of manner. "My dear child," he murmured, "there is not now, and never has been, the slightest suggestion of control."

"Why, then, have you followed me here to-night?" Ella demanded.

"I appeal to Mr. Dane," the Colonel answered, "I am sure he cannot fail to understand."

"Your father is right," Gerald forced himself to say. "Your coming here at all was in the circumstances a distinct mistake."

"Mistake!" the girl flashed out. "Why not tell me at once you are sorry I came?"

Gerald glanced from Ella to her father, and then back again to her before replying. "Because," he answered slowly, but with deep earnestness, "because it would have been untrue."

She gave a great gasp of relief. Then suddenly it seemed as if a veil had been lifted from her eyes, and for the first time she saw clearly into the future—saw the long hopeless procession of dull despairing days—realised to the full the shame and misery of the loveless existence awaiting her—felt already the degradation and the wretchedness from which nothing could possibly save her. In the agony of the moment the girl's whole nature rose up in revolt. The need of finding some outlet for her strained feelings became so intense that she had to set her teeth and clench her hands in order to prevent herself from crying out.

Meanwhile she was dimly conscious of her father speaking. "I am glad," she heard him say to Gerald, "that you at least acknowledge my daughter's headstrong conduct to be a mistake. It is not, however, irreparable."



I take it for granted that no one except ourselves knows of her presence this evening in your studio?"

"No one," Gerald answered simply.

"So far, good," Colonel Strange proceeded with a pleased expression. "You see Sir Henry belongs to a very old and highly distinguished family. Were he to learn that Ella had been alone with you at so late an hour he—well, one never can tell what kind of construction people will put upon any given event. Sir Henry himself, I may add, is a very particular man—particular almost to the verge of eccentricity—and—in a word, from what I know of him, he would never consent to a union with a

Gerald glanced towards Ella, who gave no sign of having caught the meaning of her father's words. Outside the great clock chimed three-quarters. The Colonel hastily drew his watch from his pocket and consulted it. "God bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I had no idea it was so late. Come, Ella, my child, let us go."

He put his hand upon her arm, softly yet compellingly. Ella started. A slight shudder ran through her frame.

"Go," she repeated softly. But apparently the act was purely mechanical. "I think, father," she went on, "you said something just now about a woman's reputation?"

The Colonel fell back in amazement. "Worthy?" he muttered interrogatively. "Worthy? What do you mean?"

"Let me tell you," she answered quietly yet firmly. "It is your way to judge a woman's reputation from the outside only. Provided it shows no speck or spot on which the world can fasten, you are content. Of the soul beneath you care and know nothing. That may be scared and scarred and blackened by unfulfilled longings, by desires never to be satisfied, and yet you do not stop to question its owner's innocence or purity. Sir Henry is a very particular man, you say," and again the hard, bitter laugh rang through the studio. "If that be so, would it not be



"Ella," the newcomer demanded at length, "what is the meaning of this?"

woman against whom the slightest breath of scandal had been, or might be, directed. Of course I myself understand fully that this—this friendly little meeting has been of the most innocent description. But it is as well to be on the safe side, and I now ask that the fact of its having taken place shall be kept a secret—an absolute secret among us three."

Gerald bowed. "As far as I am concerned, you need be under no apprehension. My lips are sealed."

"I thank you, Sir. I thank you," said the Colonel in his precise way. "A spotless reputation is a woman's crown of glory," he continued, evidently under the belief that the sentence formed a quotation from the works of one of the more famous poets. "A woman's crown of glory," he repeated pompously, turning the phrase over with all the pleasure of a linguistic gourmet who has unexpectedly chanced upon some choice tit-bit of conversation.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, obviously pleased. "A spotless reputation is a woman's crown of glory."

A faint smile played upon her lips. "Of course, I remember—that was it. A woman's crown of glory."

Startled by his daughter's manner, the Colonel turned swiftly upon her. "Ella," he exclaimed, "what is the matter? Why do you look at me so strangely?"

Her answer was a laugh—a hard, bitter laugh that had no merriment in it. "And Sir Henry will place that crown upon my head and call me his queen," she said, "and we two shall reign together upon one throne and be happy ever afterwards."

"Ella," said the Colonel, "have you taken leave of your senses? Sir Henry will do all that an honourable man can do to please the woman he has chosen to be his wife."

"Ay, ay," she retorted quickly, "granted always that the woman is worthy to be the wife of so upright a man."

fair to tell him the truth—to let him know, before he completes the bargain, exactly what sort of bride you offer him? Then, if he elect to proceed further in the business, he can but blame himself for the result."

"This is monstrous," shouted the Colonel, goaded into fury. Rage blazed in his eyes, and his face had become livid.

"No," replied Ella; "it is merely true."

"You have taken some time to make the discovery," her father snarled.

"Yes," she answered, with slow emphasis. "I have taken some time; but I have come to it at last."

"With the kind assistance of that gentleman, I suppose," retorted the other, half turning towards Gerald.

For an instant Ella paused, as if hoping that her lover would reply. Gerald, however, said nothing. Strive as he might, he found it impossible to decide where his duty



lay. Love and conscience were struggling for mastery in his heart. The one urged him to throw to the winds all considerations save that of Ella's and his own happiness; the other held him as in a vice, constrained to silence by a sense of honour.

At length Ella spoke again. "It can be of no consequence," she said, "how I reached the truth provided I am sure of it. And now I know."

It would have required a stronger man than the Colonel to resist the influence of the girl's firm, resolute manner. His attitude became almost pitiable. The man's body appeared to shrink; his hands hung impotently by his side; he seemed in danger of complete collapse. Gerald took a step forward as if to offer help, but with a quick effort the Colonel pulled himself together. It was, however, in a thin, faltering voice that he made his next appeal.

"Sir," he said to Gerald, "I have always regarded you as an honourable man. As such I ask you, is it fair, is it loyal to come thus between father and child? My daughter pledged herself to Sir Henry without any persuasion on my part. Would you have her break so weightily, so solemn a pledge? We are in your hands, Sir. Decide."

For quite an appreciable interval silence reigned in the room. The temptation under which Gerald laboured was terrible in its force. He knew that he had only to utter one word to bring Ella to his side. He knew that his refusal to speak that word would consign her to a loveless marriage. And yet—and yet? Had anyone but himself been involved, he certainly would not have hesitated. The thought beat in upon his brain that his own feelings were too nearly concerned in this matter to allow of him judging dispassionately; that if he yielded to the promptings of his own desires, the stigma of a dishonourable act must for ever cling to him. Had he been permitted to stand outside the discussion altogether, or had the Colonel resorted to threats and menaces, it would have been easy to confront and defy him. But this appeal to his honour left him broken and defenceless.

The tension of the moment was so tremendous that he could scarcely find strength to speak. His throat grew parched and dry; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. For the sake of his love this woman was prepared to sacrifice father, friends, position, and—a thing of even greater importance—to break the promise she had given freely and of her own accord. Happiness lay within his reach. He had only to stretch out his hands and grasp it. And then the Colonel's appeal flashed into his mind once more. "Is it fair, is it loyal to come thus between father and child?" No, he could not do it.

Such were the thoughts that darted through his brain in less time than it has taken to express them. And all the while the other two stood silently regarding him, waiting for the verdict that meant so much to both. Presently he spoke. Only half-a-dozen words, but how full of meanings.

"Your father has the first claim upon your obedience," he said. "Go with him, Ella."

The Colonel bowed. "Thank you," he said. Then to Ella, "Come."

The girl adjusted the cloak upon her shoulders. Half turning, she gave one swift look at Gerald, so full of silent reproach, of hopeless love, that the whole nature of the man rose in revolt against the sacrifice demanded of her. "I am ready," was all she said, however, as she moved quietly towards the door.

"Stop!" exclaimed Gerald. The strain upon him had at length grown too great; the involuntary cry revealed the intensity of his feelings. At the word, Ella swung round swiftly, a gleam of joyful expectancy in her eyes. In the very act of turning the door-handle the Colonel paused.

It was to the latter Gerald addressed himself. "I have given you back your daughter," he said, "because I would not have her reputation suffer in your eyes. But now I ask that she shall be restored to me. I cannot let her go. She is mine by all the laws of God and man. There is something higher than duty—even than honour. It is love. Surely even you must understand that."

The Colonel stood irresolute, swayed by conflicting emotions. Ella went to him and put her arms caressingly round his neck. "Father!" she said softly, "remember the days when you and mother were all in all to each other!"

There was an interval of silence, broken by the sudden clash of merry bells. Christmas had come, Christmas bringing its joyful message of peace and goodwill to all on earth. The Colonel hastily brushed a tear from his cheek. "God knows, child!" he said in a broken voice, "I would not have you unhappy." After all, the man had a heart.

From far away in the distance came the sound of some belated wanderer, singing as he trudged contentedly homewards. And the words of the song were, "Love is lord of all!"

THE END.

#### NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

#### CHESS.

##### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. WORTHINGTON (Montreal).—We do not desire more than one solution, but if you discover more we will readily acknowledge them. We fear your solution of No. 2795 is not correct.

Mrs E. E. MORRIS (Hampshire).—A problem is not correct if the King can escape mate in the required number of moves, but he cannot do so in No. 2798. If Black play 1. K to K 5th, White replies with 2. Q to Q B 2nd, and 3. Q or K mates.

R. S. WATSON (Glasgow).—These things are so entirely a matter of taste that we are not prepared to dispute your solution; we can only fall back on the general opinion of our solvers in favour of the course we adopt.

E. JOHNSON (Kilburn).—We really cannot say.

REGINALD KELLY, CHEVALIER DES ANGES, and F. MEREDITH. —Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2791 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2792 from R. T. Tarnapala (Bombay) and Thomas Devin (Arcata, Cal.); of No. 2793 from Thomas E. Laurent (Lombay); of No. 2794 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2795 from H. S. Brandreth (Athens), the Rev. C. H. Nowell (St. Austell), James Clark, Hereford, and F. Glanville; of No. 2797 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. G. Boys, John G. Lord (Castleton), Hereford, R. H. Brooks, Edith Corsey (Reigate), E. London, D. Newton (Luton), Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), M. H. Maw (Hull), the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), and John J. Ditch (Weybridge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2798 received from Sorrento, Captain Spencer, Dr. Walz (Hedelberg), E. Boys, G. Cooper (Huntingham), J. D. Tucker (Hilary), Alpha, Z. Aterbury, Dr. F. St. Meursius (Brussels), L. Desanges, W. G. A. Barnard (Uppingham), E. London, Rhadforth, H. Le Jeune, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Edith Corsey (Reigate), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. E. Perugini, R. H. Brooks, W. B. Green (Worcester), J. Bailly (Newark), F. Meredith (Hoxton), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), James Hope (Greenwich), and J. Lake Ralph (Purley).

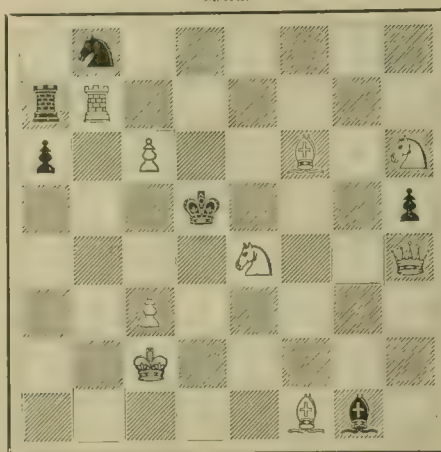
##### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2797.—By E. V. TANNER.

WHITE.  
1. Kt to Q 5th  
2. Q to K 5th  
3. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Q to R 8th; and if 1. B takes Kt, then 2. Q to Q 8th, and 3. Mate.

##### PROBLEM No. 2800.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

#### CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club championship between Messrs. H. JACOBS and H. WAGNER.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. J.) WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. W.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 3rd P to B 4th  
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to B 4th  
4. P to Q 4th P takes Q P  
5. B to Q 3rd

White opens an interesting game by this

than sacrifice, but K takes P was better.

6. Castles Kt to K B 3rd

7. P to R 3rd P to Q 4th

The best continuation, and not very

easily met.

8. Q Kt to Q 2nd P takes P

9. B takes Kt P takes Kt

10. B takes Kt P to H 4th

11. B to Q 3rd P to K 3rd

12. R to K 3rd Q to Q 2nd

13. P to Q 3rd R to K 3rd

14. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd

15. Kt to K 5th Q to Q 3rd

16. Q to R 5th R to B 3rd

17. B takes P

An interesting position, out of which it

will be seen White emerges with advantage.

Black has neglected the opportunity

of developing his Queen's side by playing

R to Q 2nd.

17. B takes P

18. Q takes R

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

B takes Q

White now gets an advantage of a series of

complications.

19. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to Kt sq

20. Kt takes Q P takes Kt

21. P to K 4th P takes B P

22. R to K 4th (ch) K to R 2nd

23. R to Q 8th B to R 5th

24. P to Q 2nd B to Q 2nd

25. R to R 8th B to K sq

26. R takes P

Best now, because Black threatens P to

R 3rd, and to keep the Rook a prisoner,

turning the tables, there is plenty of

menacing play left. The game will afford

pleasure all round.

26. K to Kt sq

Kt to B 3rd

B to Q 2nd

R to K 3rd

P to Q 4th

R to B 3rd

K takes R

B takes R P

K to Kt sq

Kt to B 5th

P to Q 5th (dis.

ch)

Kt takes B

Kt to B sq

B to Q 2nd

R to K 3rd

P to Q 5th

B to K 3rd

R takes B

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

#### ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"For all practical purposes an armchair is more comfortable than a throne, a well-made beaver less awkward than a crown, and a strong umbrella far more useful than a sceptre." Louis Philippe, when he uttered these words, spoke from experience: he had enjoyed the chair, the beaver, and the umbrella before he found the French throne too hard, the French crown too pressing, and the French sceptre too heavy. When Francis Joseph of Austro-Hungary succeeded his uncle Ferdinand I., forty-nine years ago, almost day for day, his predecessor might have warned him in similar terms, with regard to the difficulties of kingship, if he, his predecessor, had been as great a master of epigram as the son of Philippe Egalité, which Ferdinand was not. Francis Joseph at the time of his accession was too young to be aware of the relative happiness of a commonplace, uneventful existence, and since then both his private life and his public life have been beset with so many trials and misfortunes as to have given him practically no opportunity for comparison.

For it is no exaggeration to say that there is no living, or, for the matter of that, dead sovereign of modern times who has had as long and as unbroken a spell of calamities, disappointments, and crushing blows, both political and domestic, as that which has fallen to the lot of Francis Joseph. Marie Stuart's perturbed reign, followed as it was by eighteen years of living martyrdom, is perhaps the nearest parallel to it, even if we admit that the cause of her earlier misfortunes lay with herself—an admission which we are by no means prepared to make. Her grandson's troubles, mainly of his own making, only extended over a certain period of his reign; and the bitterness of final defeat and loss of power was, fortunately for him, shortened by a quickly following death. If James the Second's exile was not exactly a bed of roses, the sorrows of it had been preceded by a number of joyous years before he assumed the crown he was powerless to keep. Louis the Sixteenth's beginnings were practically untroubled and happy, as happiness among monarchs goes; even the three years and a half of terrible disaster were not altogether unrelieved by strong family affection, for Marie Antoinette proved a better spouse in adversity than in prosperity.

The six years of Napoleon's agony at St. Helena were, at any rate, prefaced by at least double that number of satisfied ambition, glory, and victory, such as few mortals ever tasted before him. His nephew had not "a bad time" of it from 1852 to 1869. In short, all those sovereigns in their careers enjoyed long intervals of peace at home, domestic happiness, and preponderance abroad. Before Francis Joseph was seated on the throne which had proved too thorny for Ferdinand I., he, a lad of eighteen, had to contend with a formidable revolution which he could not quell without the aid of Russia, a fact that at the very outset of his reign considerably impaired Austria's prestige in the eyes of Europe. In spite of Metternich's and Schwarzenberg's pretensions still to be predominant in the guiding of Europe's policy, in spite of their claims to the hegemony of Germany, their efforts began to be thwarted. Austria's rule was hated in Italy, her superiority in Germany was attacked, or rather undermined, at first by Bismarck at the Diet of Frankfurt, and a decade after Francis Joseph's advent to power France dealt him the first crushing blow. Six years later, Russia followed suit, and all the while there was incessant ferment in his own dominions.

Yet, it is doubtful whether Francis Joseph was fully at one with his advisers, whose relentless policy and arrogant diplomacy had been the cause of all this, for Francis Joseph was, and is, not only innately kind-natured, but most worthy in every relation of life. Affectionate to a degree, he absolutely contracted a love-match; it is an open secret that this marriage was not a happy one, and it is equally well known that the unhappiness was not caused by him. His younger brother, whom he loved as a son, was induced to leave his side in order to found an empire across the seas, which attempt resulted in violent death. The heir upon whom he had built so many hopes came not only to an inglorious but untimely end. To be brief, one of the worthiest creatures on the face of the earth is, at close upon seventy, a solitary, disappointed man without even the domestic joys that are vouchsafed to the majority of even his most humble subjects.

Francis Joseph has borne and continues to bear his heavy burden with exemplary patience. A man of simple tastes and habits, he has scarcely any relaxation from constant and pressing anxiety and perplexingly hard work but a few weeks' shooting in the Styrian Mountains. Practically he leads the life of a bachelor, and what is sadder still, the bachelor with an unrequited passion, obtruding itself constantly on his thoughts. Empress Elizabeth is rarely with him, and if everything one hears be true, the absence of the wife has not contributed to the material comforts of the husband, apart from all considerations of a higher nature. One day, one of his aides-de-camp entered the Emperor's room at the luncheon-hour. "If your Majesty can do without me I should like to go for an hour or so," he said. "By all means," was the answer; "but what about your luncheon?" "I never lunch at the Schlos, your Majesty. To tell the truth, the cooking is not very good." "You are right, and I wish I could follow your example. I should like to go to a bright restaurant, with lively people around me, and with some dishes set before me I could enjoy; but if I did, there would be a revolution, for the chef is a Czech, and he would make it a question of racial importance," concluded the Emperor, smiling. "This one anecdote shows where the shoe pinches throughout the whole of Francis Joseph's dominions."

Studley Castle, Warwickshire, though in itself a modern mansion, seems likely to become historical, if not for antiquarian interest, at least for the frequency with which its ownership has changed. Having already been sold three times within the past year, it has now been acquired by Mr. Samuel Lamb, the well-known cotton merchant.



## THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

*From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.*



THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT ON THE NUBIAN DESERT, STATION No. 6, HALF-WAY BETWEEN HALFA AND ABU HAMED, ON THE NEW RAILWAY.

*At this station both engines and engineers are changed, and a triangle for the shifting of the engines, and temporary works for repairs, make it at present the most advanced post of railway development in the desert.*



RAILWAY-MAKING AT ABU HAMED.

*Soldiers of the Sirdar's force carrying mud bricks and debris from the houses ruined during the fighting to the bank in course of construction for the railway.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Giorgio Vasari. Selected and Edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. (George Bell and Sons.)

*Social Switzerland.* By W. H. Dawson. (Chapman and Hall.)

*Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy.* By John Hensley Mayo. Two vols. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

*Lord Ghost Stories.* With an Introduction by Herbert Arthur Evans. (Lancaster.)

*Sunday Afternoon Verses.* Collected from the *British Weekly* by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

*Ballads of the Fleet, and other Poems.* By Remond Rodd. (Arnold.)

*Lord Ghost Stories.* By W. T. Stead. (Grant Richards.)

*Wellington's His Comrades and Contemporaries.* By Major Arthur Griffiths. (George Allen.)

*A History of French Literature.* By Edward Dowden. (William Heinemann.)

*The Household of the Lafayettes.* By Edith Siebel. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

An *Édition de Luxe* of Vasari was inevitable in the present stage of popular taste, and in view of the facilities of effective illustration. It is not, therefore, very gratifying to our national feeling to find that our countrywoman's standard work has been "annexed" by our American cousins for such a purpose; but we hasten to add that it could not have fallen into more competent or more sympathetic hands. If the last five-and-twenty years have witnessed no important revival of art (we speak with bated breath in knowledge of the Impressionists, the Symbolists, and others), we have witnessed great changes in the methods of art study and criticism. In every country of Europe as well as in the United States of America, competent teachers and writers have adopted the scientific method with reference to works of art and their authors. The editors of this new edition of Vasari have kept before their eyes the work done by Richter, Müntz, Morelli, and a score of others. The labours of these Europeans have found a sympathetic echo in the works of C. E. Norton, W. J. Stillman, C. C. Perkins, and others, who on the other side of the Atlantic have upheld the high standard of art criticism inaugurated by Mr. Ruskin, whom at least we may claim as wholly British. The present volumes, however, bear witness not only to the critical sense of the editors, but to their powers of selection, for only seventy of Vasari's "Lives" have been considered by them worthy of being reproduced in an annotated form. This restriction, from a popular point of view, is certainly wise, for the original author thought it worth while to invest a fairly good number of his fellow-countrymen with a posthumous fame which their own works would have failed to confer. On the other hand, as a work of reference for the student the original edition famous to all in "Bohn's Library" will retain its former value. The results of modern criticism, tabulated and arranged by the present editors, are for the more lazy reader, to whom the addition of photographs which recall, however inadequately, the original masterpieces is always a pleasure.

To sociologists the land of the Referendum is always interesting, and Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson's work, "Social Switzerland," will be read eagerly by economists, of whatever degree of enthusiasm. The author of "Germany and the Germans," "German Socialism," etc., has the power of rendering dry fact attractive, and in his latest volume gives a great deal of suggestive information concerning the working of new social ideas and forces in the Swiss Republic. The book treats, in six divisions, of the organisation and protection of labour, industrial peace, the unemployed, poor-law agencies, technical education, and the control of the drink traffic. We have heard much of old age pensions. The Swiss Griesnasy, or Old People's Refuge, at Berne, described in chapter xvi., is fertile in suggestion for the realisation of such an ideal. One could hope that the picture Mr. Dawson gives of the quiet happiness of that institution might, with many other details in the work, prove of assistance, as the author hopes, in the treatment of social problems in our own country. The whole book is instinct with knowledge, and is never dull.

It seems flippant to dismiss such a work as this in a paragraph, but to do justice to the enormous labour which it represents would need many pages, and even then the passing reader would be bewildered. The book represents Mr. Mayo's life. Born in 1838, he entered the India Office as a boy of seventeen, and laboured there for nearly forty years until his death in 1895. For thirteen years he had been Assistant Military Secretary to his department, and between his office and his study he had practically given his life to the nation. His book forms a splendid supplement to the "Medallist Illustrations of the History of Great Britain and Ireland." The chief principles of army and naval medals are explained in a concise introduction of eighty-seven pages. The rest of the work, covering 602 pages, is devoted to a minute description of all the medals and decorations (231 in number) which are mentioned in the book, and which are reproduced very beautifully in monochrome and in colours as well. The first military medal designed for distribution in large numbers was that granted by Cromwell to the army who won Dunbar for him in 1650; but before that several similar decorations had been struck, beginning with the series by which Elizabeth sought to immortalise the Armada defeat. The quaintest of the series is that which shows an ark floating on the waves beneath the rays of the sun. All the possible minutiae about the subject is given, even to detailing how certain dogs have been decorated (though no mention is made of Lord Roberts's famous white Arab); and the work, which is the labour of years, cannot be superseded in so far as it goes. It has been brought up to date by the author's cousin, the Rev. C. H. Mayo, Vicar of Long Barton cum Holnest, Dorset, and is equipped with an excellent index. For every reference library it is indispensable.

One of the most useful books in the Warwick Library, which Professor Herford directs, is the study and samples of English Masques which Mr. H. A. Evans has given us. The subject is a neglected one, though the period of

the highest development of the masque (1604-1640) forms a remarkable chapter in our literary history. From an early time we have the masque in its crude essential form of the dance, the favourite diversion at all European Courts; but it was left to Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, notably Daniel, Campion, Chapman, Davenant, and Beaumont, to develop a distinct application of it, the masque proper, which is a combination of speech, dance, and song. Mr. Evans traces the evolution of this diversion and its destruction by Puritanism, and of the fifty masques still accessible he reprints sixteen.

This is no gathering from the great religious poets. The editor might with less trouble have made from these an interesting Sunday anthology. But he had a particular aim which could not have been thus served. Not for lovers of poetry so much as for tired people has he made his book, and so he has filled it with the utterances of devout souls in intimate and homely moods, in tempers gentle and resigned, craving rest; and he offers these as refreshing draughts, though with the brand of no great name, to toilers in the little pause that comes between Saturday and Monday. Some have come out of his own heart and head; the authorship of most is unknown to him. It is but one side of the religious life that is presented. There are no apocalyptic visions, no sounds of strong wrestling. The lamb, not the sword, is the emblem here. Nor are they all expressions of the strictly religious emotions. Songs of the human affections, where these seem to shadow the divine, have been given their place. The sense of the nearness of two worlds is the controlling emotion—

Death cannot long divide.

For is it not as if the rose that climbed  
My garden-wall had bloomed the other side?

Some of the verses attain to high poetic excellence. Two in ballad form are of striking beauty—

Magdalen at Michael's gate

Tirled at the pin;

On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird—

"Let her in, let her in!"

"Thou bringest no offering," said Michael,

"Nought save sin"

Sang the blackbird; "She is sorry, sorry, sorry:

Let her in, let her in!"

So begins one. In the other, a Scandinavian legend, Christmas and Halloween beliefs are curiously mingled—

Christ was born upon this night;

Mistress, spin no more;

Master, seven good candles light;

The dead are at the door

He, that with his ship was lost;

Happed in the salt sod;

She, that at white Venetost

Left us for her God.

But, like enough, the verses of humbler poetic merit will find as soon the hearts that wait for them.

Dedicated to his "many friends in the finest service in the world, who proudly hold, unquestioned, the inheritance of Drake," Mr. Remond Rodd tells the story of the Elizabethan mariners with enthusiasm, and that sense of consecutive narrative which is the instinct of the true balladist. The greater part of the book is comprised of a series of ballads on the great Elizabethans, Drake, of course, standing head and shoulders above the rest. Mr. Rodd, unfortunately, has a knack of changing his key so that it is difficult to read his verse aloud without a previous knowledge of its precise accentuation. Once this difficulty is overcome, his ballads have a swing that carries you along with it. For example, take such verses as—

The breeze was fair, with topsails square, and never a reef  
we flew,

And the heart of our little captain was a fire to the heart  
of the crew.

It passed to a proverb in after years with the men who had  
loved him well—

You were sure of heaven with Gilbert, but with Drake you  
had daunted hell!

These lines are typical of Mr. Rodd's merits and defects. The bulk of the volume is about the Navy, for the "other poems" are of small compass and of indifferent value.

The reader has several stiles to cross before he comes to the matter of Mr. W. T. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories," which is a reprint by Grant Richards of two of the Christmas Numbers of the *Review of Reviews*. There is an Introduction, a Prefatory Word, and a Caution to the Reader. In all of them Mr. Stead implores that ghosts may be treated with respect. Indeed, he seems, in his Psychological Research days, to be a little difficult to please. The Caution—a bloodcurdling affair in italics—explains that "the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the Sacred Writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession," and discourages all experiments "except in the most careful and reverent spirit." But in the Introduction Mr. Stead carries the war into the enemy's camp by speaking of the non-belief in ghosts as "a vulgar superstition," and challenging him to search out the truth for himself. But what is a man to do who is willing to study the subject but does not care to run the risks of "familiar spirits" and "demoniacal possession"? A beginner is not able to investigate in a "careful and reverent spirit" a phenomenon of which he doubts the very existence. The sceptic cannot reverence till he is convinced, and, according to Mr. Stead, he cannot be safely convinced till he reverses.

In all the pretty extensive library which has already been written about the Iron Duke, we know of nothing that will give the general reader so clear and succinct an account of his character and career as the work on Wellington which has just appeared from the practised military pen of Major Arthur Griffiths. This is not a biography in the ordinary sense of the term; it is more a character sketch than a regular life. But the writer has selected his material so judiciously and well—did not the late Lord Tennyson say that art, in its highest form, was selection?—that in

an age when we are distracted by the multitude and inmagnitude of books, we can turn to the "Wellington monument" of Major Griffiths and glean from it almost at a single sitting all the salient and essential facts about the personality and exploits of the hero of Assaye and Waterloo. It was the fear that Wellington's character has lately been suffering partial eclipse, which induced Major Griffiths to take his pen—his sponge—in hand and cleanse the marble monument of the Great Duke from the disfiguring dust and grime with which it had shown a tendency to become encrusted in recent years. Looking at the character of the Duke through the dry, clear light of nearly half a century's lapse of time, many had begun to fancy that it was deformed by certain defects—coldness, hardness, ingratitude to those who formed the pedestal of his name, and other blemishes. It was to gainsay such convictions that Major Griffiths wrote his book—which is therefore a book with a purpose, such as that which might animate an astronomer who sat down to prove that the sun—contrary to the opinion of all scientific observers—was a luminary without spots. But whatever may have been the purely personal failings of the Iron Duke—and one of these was never to admit that he was wrong even when privately convinced of his errors—the lapse of time has only served to magnify his military greatness, which Major Griffiths brings home to us so forcibly by a graphic but not overloaded summary of his hero's campaigns.

The "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," which Mr. Edmund Gosse is editing, opened with Professor Gilbert Murray's admirable sketch of the literature of ancient Greece. The promise of the new series is maintained by its second instalment, Professor Dowden's "History of French Literature," a volume of which it is not too much to say that it scarcely contains one dull page. He has chronicled and commented on the lesser as well as the greater products of literary France, from the mediæval lives of saints onward to the age of Michelet and Victor Hugo, of Augustin Thierry and George Sand. It is wonderful with how much interest, thanks to his widely sympathetic appreciation and animated style, he has succeeded in investing numbers of the obscure writers with whose names and with the titles of whose chief works his pages are crowded. In dealing with the giants of French literature, with Rabelais and Montaigne, the great dramatists, the great pulpit-orators, the Triumvirs of the spiritual and political revolt of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, he had not, of course, to create a new interest. Here the difficulty for the writer of a "short" history was to be at once succinct, adequate, and effective. Professor Dowden's sketches are all three. Among them may be pointed out as particularly successful his character of the "smiling, agnostic" Montaigne, with the summary given of his philosophy of life, and the account of the career and the teaching, social, ethical, and political, of the fiery Rousseau. In every case of any interest, a biography, more or less brief, but always lively and exact, accompanies and illuminates the criticism and characterisation. An ample bibliography of the chief French works on the literature of France in its successive epochs will be found very valuable by the student. Perhaps it would have been well to have given a fuller account of the early history of the cycle of Arthurian legends which, important in themselves, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" have made specially interesting to English readers. It is just worth mentioning, too, that Professor Dowden has not reproduced quite accurately the famous and characteristic *mot* of that most cautious and discreet of sceptics, Fontenelle. He did not say, as Professor Dowden makes him say, "If I had my hand full of truth, I should take good care before I opened it"; but: "I might have my hand full of truth, and only open my little finger," which is both more correct and more epigrammatic than Professor Dowden's version.

Lafayette showed himself to be a highly honourable, conscientious, and consistent man in a revolutionary age of oath-taking and oath-breaking, of which Talleyrand's time-serving career was a typical illustration. He played a very important, a very prominent, and a very honest part in the first French Revolution. He resisted alike the reactionary plots favoured by the ill-fated Louis the Sixteenth's Royalist confidants and the Jacobinism which culminated in the Reign of Terror. The blandishments of the First Napoleon could not seduce him to become one of the instruments of his imperial despotism. After the Restoration he combated the unconstitutional measures of successive Governments. At last he seemed to have reaped his reward in powerfully contributing to establish, as he fondly fancied, in the person of Louis Philippe the constitutional monarchy which was his political ideal. To have been summoned by his countrymen at the beginning of the Revolution of 1789 to be the commander of the National Guard, and to have received a similar summons more than forty years afterwards with the Revolution of 1830, was, indeed, a rare distinction. But both in the first and in the second French Revolutions his activity, though important, was of brief duration, and the influence which he exerted was merely episodic, not permanent. An elaborate biography of him for English readers would be a mistake. This Miss Siebel has felt, and hence she has interwoven with her account of his career not only the sayings and doings of his wife and her family, but a history of the first French Revolution, and, indeed, of France from the pre-revolutionary days of the *ancien régime* to the establishment of the monarchy of July 1830. Madame de Lafayette and her family were interesting people of the old school, and when Lafayette fled from France to escape the guillotine, leaving her behind, she very nearly became its victim, after a series of romantic adventures, which Miss Siebel has turned to good account. Her purely historical narrative shows considerable research, and is often entertainingly anecdotal. One of the most interesting sections of the book is a decidedly graphic and lively picture of French society before the great convulsion which shattered it. Miss Siebel gives its bright as well as its dark side, dwelling on much that was admirable in the family and domestic life of the French higher classes. She has collected her facts with great industry, and her introduction is really an entertaining and instructive contribution to the social history of pre-revolutionary France.





1. Kennel Companions. — 2. The Baby Elephant at Afternoon Tea. 3. Johanna Signs her Name in our Artist's Sketch-Book. 4. Slowly Recovering from *Mal de Mer*. 5. One of Nature's Freaks.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE BARNUM AND BAILEY MENAGERIE AT OLYMPIA.





THE MASONIC CELEBRATION OF THE BICENTENARY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE BISHOP OF LONDON PREACHING THE SERMON.



## HERR WOLF.

Herr Wolf, the leader of the ultra-Nationalist section in the Austrian Reichsrath, came first into prominent public notice in this country last September, when he used some heated expressions towards Count Badeni, the Premier, which led to the now historic duel. Herr Wolf is editor of the Pan-Germanic organ in the columns of which he gave an account of the altercation that led to the affair. It is uncertain whether he said that Count Badeni was concerned in a "blackguardly" or a "scoundrelly" action when the plainclothes police were introduced into the Chamber. Whichever epithet was used, however, shots were exchanged to the satisfaction of honour and the slight wounding of Count Badeni. The Emperor condoned the irregularity, Count Badeni made his peace with the Church, and for a few weeks the Reichsrath was comparatively calm. In the recent disturbances, however, Herr Wolf has been again distinguished. He was sent to prison, but was released after a few hours.

## MR. FITZGERALD LAW.

Though there have lately been important developments in the peace negotiations between the Greek and Turkish Governments now in course of promotion at Constantinople under the control of the representatives of the Powers, the financial questions at issue in that city remain much as they have stood for some time past. In Athens, meanwhile, the International Commission is busily engaged upon the reorganisation of the Greek finances under the presidency of Mr. Fitzgerald Law, whose portrait is here given. As "prytanis," or president of this commission, Mr. Law has the responsible task of acting as chief intermediary between Greece and her old creditors, English, French, and German.



Photo J. Parker.  
HERR WOLF.



GENERAL WESTMACOTT.

## GENERAL WESTMACOTT.

The name of General Westmacott has been prominently connected with several of the chief actions of the present Indian Frontier Campaign since the day, early in October, when he took command of the third column of troops from Peshawar in the advance over the Kohat Pass to the punishment of the insurgent Afridis. Some account was given in our last issue of the arduous nature of the advance made by General Westmacott's Brigade from Bagh to Datoi, and of the skirmish with the enemy near its end. General Westmacott himself is a soldier with considerable experience of Indian campaigning. He received his commission thirty-eight years ago, and, after continuous service in India, became a Lieutenant-Colonel on the Indian Staff Corps in 1885, and a Colonel four years later. The latter rank has since been exchanged for that of General. He is a C.B., and has received the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order.



MR. FITZGERALD LAW.



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
SIR WALTER PHILLIMORE, BART.

## SIR WALTER PHILLIMORE.

Baron Pollock's successor on the Bench is Sir Walter Phillimore. Son of Sir Robert Phillimore, at one time Dean of Arches, Sir Walter was born in 1845, had a distinguished career at Oxford, is perhaps the greatest authority on Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Law, and is a prominent High Churchman. He is Chancellor of the Diocese of Lincoln, and a constant attendant at the Church Congress, and during the agitation against the Ritualists he was their most conspicuous champion in the Law Courts. It is noteworthy that Sir Walter Phillimore is a devoted follower of Mr. Gladstone through good and ill report, and therefore his elevation to the Bench is a strong tribute to the impartiality which has not hitherto been recognised generally as a striking quality in the Lord Chancellor.



THE MASONIC CELEBRATION AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: ARMS OF THE MASONIC LODGES IN EXISTENCE IN THE YEAR 1735, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THEIR FOUNDATION.

From an Old Print.—See "Our Illustrations."





SAVED FROM THE STORM.



## LADIES' PAGES.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The exigencies of the Christmas morning breakfast-table seem at the moment to possess the soul of every other person afoot in our crowded, cheerful streets. Country cousin as well as the most concentrated essence of citizen may be alike seen glued to the top-fascinating shop-window, "flattening their noses," as the accepted euphemism goes; and that alluring occupation certainly loses none of its ordinary delights just now, when we are within sound and sight already of the classic Christmas-junketing. I think there must be also something particularly suggestive of the season's fleshpots about a wine-merchant's cellars. Going some days since through those far-reaching subterranean vaults owned by Messrs. Hodges and Butler with a friend who wanted to replenish his port-bin, I had visions of the festive boards which those endless barrels and bottles piled high on every side were destined to grace—or, rather, their contents. From Regent Street even to the end of Saville Row, and again around by Burlington Street, these well-filled catacombs may be traced in which lie *perdu* the animating spirits (in several senses) of how many forthcoming convivialities? As warrant-holders to her Majesty, Messrs. Hodges and Butler naturally take a premier position among wine-merchants. But such a mark of distinction only serves, after all, to confirm the reputation which dates honourably back even to the old-world days of 1667, a year which saw the inauguration of this truly ancient and honourable firm in the piping times of his merry Majesty Charles II.

What wonderful productions Benson, of Bond Street, has evolved for the golden youth of both sexes this season! Jewelled chains for lorgnettes, muff, or charms are shown in beautiful and varied design. Some are set with fine Oriental pearls, others with topaz, opals, and amethysts variously. Quite the smartest chain I have ever seen, amongst a hundred different designs, is one set so closely with small diamonds as to give the effect of a thin line of light around the wearer's neck. Another, and a charming one, of fine enamel bars was very captivating. Kismet heart-shaped lockets are more modish than ever, and one with a diamond spray, and another set thickly with pearls, and a third made entirely of brilliants—a veritable heart of fire—were among the thousand desirable objects lying about on every side. The collar-necklace of six or more rows of pearls clasped with diamond slides, is, perhaps, one of the most becoming gauds a woman can be possessed of. It is a fashion that has always been affected by Frenchwomen, who have gradually sent it over to us. At Benson's the numbers and degrees of these gorgeous collars are, perhaps, unequalled. Barrings are also a lately revived fashion which these authorities on the subject of jewels generally are now putting forth again. At present the vogue is confined to what Jeanes would call the "hupper suckles," but no doubt, like most other modes, it will travel through the ranks. Diamond waist-buckles for the front and back of our gowns are revived in most alluring shapes, and some reproductions of the Louis Quinze period are inevitably calculated to make one's mouth water. Of these Mr. Benson has most lovely designs. One of the most brilliant stones I have seen has been set by him in a ring, with a tiny coronet of small brilliants on top appropriately crowning it, for the gem in question is a very queen of diamonds. Some bow-shaped brooches in enamel and diamonds will again be found "just the thing" by those who wish to make Christmas presents which, while thoroughly good in design and workmanship, are yet not expensive.

And touching other matters, as some Parliamentary bores say, how would it be if a cherished friend—practical or poetic, it matters not which—should decide to supply a long-felt want, and send me a watch this coming Christmas? I can, at least, indicate the way he should go, for at Smith and Son's, in the Strand, are the most delightful and dainty expressions of ornamental time-keeping which can possibly be seen. As an instance of how much seven guineas judiciously expended may accomplish, I have illustrated this charming gold half-hunter set with a double heart and true-lovers' knot, done in fine diamonds, with a central ruby and sapphire in each heart. No more entirely welcome gift could surely rejoice any maiden meditation; and if it is desired to make assurance of affection doubly sure, here is the dual-heart brooch jewelled to exactly match the watch, for a further four guineas. I have also in my mind's eye a particularly smart "evening dress watch," which is made very flat for obvious purposes, yet is, I am well assured, a most capital time-keeper. Here is a present now after the smart young man's own heart. On the other hand, for a sweet girl graduate or otherwise, a cunningly contrived "Dearest" bracelet of curb-chain and hearts is "quite the quietest thing." Each heart holds a jewel, whose first letters collectively spell the affectionate



Lady's Half-Hunter Watch.  
S. Smith and Son.



Butterfly Brooch.—S. Smith and Son.



A CHARMING CLOAK.

aforsaid word. No prettier ornament can be seen, and its price puts it well within ordinary reach. Nor can I take breath in this connection without stopping to descant on the beauties of a certain golden butterfly, which, encrusted with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, making both hair or corsage ornament, is sold here for the simple sum of eight little guineas.

Touching a something that is at once quite different and yet alike, and which, without being the "real thing,"



Louis Quinze Buckle.—Faulkner.

is yet too really artistic both in its composition and setting to be written down as imitation, we arrive at the Faulkner diamonds, one of the successes of a successful generation. Effect, one must allow, is a powerful factor nowadays, and as all incomes do not run to gems of the very first water, we must needs gratify our natural instinct for glittering gauds with that which comes within reach. In the matter of price, the Faulkner diamond is absolutely get-at-able. For its undoubted brilliancy and beauty of design I must only refer my readers to the catalogue which is obtainable on application at 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street. But the buckle illustrated (a model of an old Louis Quinze) and a diamond tie and pearl string will, no doubt, justify my enthusiasms. I hardly think this charming little necklet can be improved upon. A large Sun or Edelweiss shaped brooch, which can be had in three separate sizes, is also an ornament which I found worthy "being made a note on," as Cap'n Cuttle of immortal memory would say. Besides this there are rings, bangles, brooches, combs—everything, in fact, from a hat-pin to a tiara, with the Faulkner diamond or pearl to glorify each.

Several inquiries reach me for the name and estate of some quite charming perfumes which is also something different and distinct from the ordinary brands of our tried affections. I have no doubt that these fair Athenians, my correspondents, who wish to change from the good things they know to the good things they wot not of, will feel I do them a service in recommending every or any production by Pinaud, of Paris. His perfumes took the highest award, in other words the Grand Prix, at Brussels during the recent exhibition. Any good chemist can supply them.

This fragrant subject reminds me that Scrubbs's Soap of "Cloudy Ammonia" fame, has been playing a very important part in most households of late since its undoubted cleansing and hygienic properties have come to be fully understood. As to the universally used liquid which bears their name, having once followed the Scrubbian advice, and "tried it in one's bath," is to go on with it for ever. No other essence or perfume gives the refreshing, almost exhilarating sensation that Cloudy Ammonia invariably produces. For washing plate and jewellery it is unequalled, a few drops in the water imparting a brilliance that only otherwise arrives with vigorous "elbow-greasing."

Did somebody ask me for the best Christmas pudding recipe last week? I should have thought most people had a grandmotherly recipe to swear by of that homely and heavy dish. Here follows, however, the best modern method, and one which lies considerably lighter on one's bosom's lord than many an ancestral combination I could bear witness against: Three-quarters of a pound of flour, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of mixed candied peel, two ounces of bread-crumbs, ten ounces

of sugar, two ounces of almonds, salt and spice to taste, one pound of suet, and last, though by no means least, two ounces of Borwick's baking powder. Mix all together, add six well-beaten eggs, three-quarters of a pint of milk, and boil for eight hours.

## DRESS.

It seems really time to add a word or two on my legitimate subject. But Christmas has such a generally demoralising, though enchanting, influence, that one's best resolutions seem to go by the board. Peter Robinson has been my saving clause this week in the matter of frocks and fashions, and had I not been drawn by the "single hair" of this gown and cloak as such obvious manifestations of "beauty," it is ten chances to one that expectant readers would have gone hungrily as far as fashions are concerned. Meanwhile, in rendering homage to this most worthy Caesar, I hope it will be adequately remarked that circular cloaks are once more in for a distinct revival. The evening coat has been tried, and received its due amount of use and admiration, but for absolute comfort and grace combined, give me the flowing lines and easily worn build of the classic circular. Palest lettuce-green China crêpe with elaborate embroideries of emerald chenille in various tones are the component parts of this cloak, as illustrated. A flounce of deep white lace over accordion-pleated green silk gives a necessary finish to the edge. No more cosy, or at the same time ornamental, cloak can be conceived, and the coat-shaped opera-cloak seems to take an inevitably second place in our regards when viewed from the standpoint of this glorified circular. That notwithstanding, however, I was more than much impressed with the sinuous outlines of a pale grey satin Duchesse theatre wrap, or, more correctly, coat. Its front, of turned back white satin, was profusely decorated with pearls, turquoise, and silver cord embroidery, while a bouillonnée of white chiffon softened the effect of this massed beadwork to admiration. A third party-going cloak—of white satin, apricot velvet, and pearl-decked front, trimmed further with Arctic fox of the true blue-grey tinge—was a *chef d'œuvre* of harmonious colouring and rich materials. Peter Robinson's seem, indeed, to have surpassed themselves this winter in the *chic* and significance of their creations, while the prices which govern all these fine garments are reassuringly and surprisingly different from the extravagant demands of private modistes with fewer opportunities and distinctly less taste.

I think this little evening frock will be liked. It is simple, but smart. The overdress of silver-sequin-embroidered white Brussels net shows beneath it an accordion-pleated frock of glistening white taffetas. Bordering the bodice is a narrow edge of golden otter, a folded vest of chiffon outlines it, and the sleeves, made quite smart, are puffed moderately full and of the same material. One seductive dinner-dress, made high to the throat and with long sleeves, was of white silk thickly overlaid with silver sequins, fine black Chantilly outlining the seams front and back. A sash of palest blue chiffon, with applications of Chantilly, added greatly to the style of this delicately pretty composition. There is, in fact, no further need to wander from the charmed circle of Regent Circus for fashions of whatever degree. Beginning with admirably shaped skirts of moiré antique in pale dainty shades for evening wear at two guineas



A SMART EVENING GOWN.



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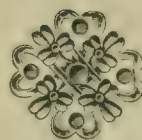
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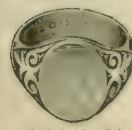
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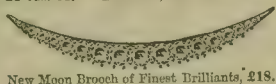
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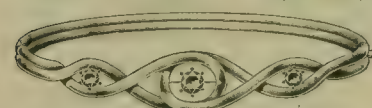
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## NOTES.

It is really a pity that the Queen has contradicted, in the new "Life" of herself by the librarian at Windsor Castle, several pretty little legends about her own childhood, and especially the one that when she was first informed of her probable succession to the throne, she gave her little hand to her governess and said, "I will be good!" For my part, I mean to go on believing that, partly for the excellent reason given by L'opé for all faith: "So they believe because they so were bred," and partly because I have it on such excellent authority that even the Queen herself cannot overthrow its power in my mind. The authority is her Majesty's governess, who recounts that she, by permission of the Duchess of Kent, placed a genealogical table in the history book; and the little Princess Victoria, having combed it carefully, observed: "I see I am nearer to the throne than I thought"; after which she reflected a little on the responsibility of the position, and finally "she gave me her little hand, saying, 'I will be good!'" I have not believed that charming story ever since I read "The Life of the Prince Consort" in my girlhood to have my faith gaily filched from me by any biographer at this late hour!

Princess Christian makes an appeal for the building fund of the Royal School of Art Needlework, which under her fostering personal care has become an important institution. Founded at first chiefly to supply work to the class known as "poor gentlewomen," it has grown into an important technical training school. Teachers trained there are supplied to other parts of the country, and important tasks are executed, vying in beauty of design and perfection of workmanship with the mediæval needlework preserved in our museums. Some crimson velvet curtains embroidered with green pomegranates and flowers for her Majesty, and a superb altar-piece for the Newcastle Cathedral are samples of the large undertakings successfully carried out. In no other country would it be left to voluntary enterprise to support this important revival of a great industry for women. In Austria there exists a magnificent Art Needlework School, maintained by the Government; and those of us who visited the Brussels Exhibition saw the display made by the State pupils of Belgium in this direction. Here a grant for training classes from the Technical Education Committee of the London County Council is all the State help as yet afforded. The Princess reports £11,000 in hand for building, of which the Pfeiffer bequest has supplied over £4000. Mrs. Pfeiffer was well known in literary circles and among the women interested in the position of their sex till her death some few years ago. She was an elegant, graceful woman, and made a valiant attempt to introduce Greek dress for Englishwomen's wear. She herself looked equally well in a brown cashmere draped Greek fashion and embroidered with pale grey and green lilies for a bordering, or in a white soft silk edged with purple floss embroideries for evening wear; but as most of us are not blessed with slender, willowy figures, she found few followers. When she and her husband died, within a short time of one another, it was learned that the whole of their large fortune was left to trustees to be used in promoting the education and employment of women; and in the distribution the Royal School of Art Needlework Building Fund very properly received a share. The next largest donation has been made by Mr. Astor, who gave a thousand pounds. Over thirty thousand pounds, however, is required.

One of Princess Christian's wedding presents to her daughter was an exquisitely embroidered train for a Court dress, which H.R.H. ordered from the school. Perhaps it is with a remembrance of this that the town of Macclesfield has decided to present a magnificent train to Miss Bromley-Davenport, daughter of the popular M.P., on her marriage with Major Kinloch, of the Grenadier Guards. Possibly, however, the canny town avails itself of the opportunity to remind the world that exquisite "British silks" are now procurable at will by patriotic purchasers.

Readers interested in the University education of women should read "The Life of Anne J. Clough," by her niece, Miss Blanche Clough, which Mr. Arnold has just published. Miss Clough was the first Principal of Newnham, or, rather, she took charge of the house which Mr. Sidgwick provided, and which presently developed into Newnham Hall. She was eminently suited for the task. Already fifty years of age, of independent means, gentlemanly yet strong will, kind to the uttermost possibility of gentleness, and still determined to have her orders obeyed, she kept a strict watch on any eccentricity, and unfailingly bore in mind the necessity of conciliating prejudice and averting unnecessary friction with convention. The "Life" gives so full and clear an account of the foundation of University education for Women at Cambridge that it will be invaluable to the future historian of the progress of women.

Women authors cannot be expected to weep over the fate which has come upon the Authors' Club. Founded, as it was, in connection with the Society of Authors, of which ladies were members, it seemed natural and proper that the membership of the club, too, should be mixed, but, after solemn debate, the male members of the Society of Authors determined that the club should be kept to themselves. A fine house in Whitehall Gardens was taken, and at first a considerable number of members joined, but soon monotony was found to reign, and before long it was found that funds were short. The big house must be given up, and the men must retire to some small, cheap premises in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street; whereat, of course, the excluded "authoresses" quietly smile!

Mdlle. Chauvin's application to be admitted to the Paris Bar has been refused by the Court on the grounds that it was without precedent, and that every barrister is a potential Judge but no woman may ever be so actually. Mdlle. Chauvin will appeal. F. F.-M.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Someone has been observing that the old-fashioned ghost-story has quite disappeared from the Christmas annuals. No wonder: the ghost idea, like every other human institution, undergoes the inevitable process of evolution; and modification and change are the way of ghost-stories, as they constitute the way of living organisms themselves. The fine old full-flavoured spectre, who used to stalk abroad at "the witching hour," is as extinct as the dodo. "The ghost at the wayside inn," which betokened, as a rule, the murdered traveller's unrestful spirit, has vanished into the thinnest of ethers; the churchyard ghost has to be classified nowadays with the delusions of the past; and, as regards "the spectre of the moated grange," it is doubtful whether the present generation would recognise the figure which did duty as a nucleus for many a romance of thirty or forty years gone by. Nowadays we are much more particular regarding our spectral visitants. There are to be no trap-doors or cunningly concealed panels in the wainscoting that afford entrance or exit to the disembodied spirits which revisit the glimpses of the moon. We have rationalised our ghosts to the point which marks a parting of the ways. One way leads into the bogs and swamps of that crudest of modern superstitions which, under the name of spiritualism, theosophy, and the like, asks us to believe in presences, astral bodies, and like "evidences" of the nether world, wherein great latitude for high jinks must be presumed to be allowed to the ethereal principles of once solid bodies. The other way leads to the land of common-sense. It is fenced about by science, and marked off by the guide-posts of rationalism. It is for every thinking person to choose his pathway. He will be wise if he avoids the bogs and sloughs in which the superstitious flounder, and chooses the firm ground.

The Ballechin mystery, which excited everybody a few months ago, has ignominiously collapsed. We once read of mysterious sounds and other ghostly capers; of a butler whose bed-clothes were riven from above him by ghostly hands; of his bed, which he alleged was tilted and turned in a kind of waltz-movement, and then replaced; of "creepy things with wings," as Mr. John Wellington Wells remarks in "The Sorcerer," which fanned the butler's brow; and of many other wondrous details which were supposed to prove that Ballechin indeed suffered from a plethora of ghostly visitants. Where, alas! are these spectres now? Have they returned to that *Ewigkeit* whence they were drawn? or is my supposition correct—that you have only to put souls "willing to believe," in an atmosphere of superstition to enable them to see and hear precisely what they expect to witness and to be made plain to them? The latest from Ballechin is that the house, lately occupied by a family, has proved to be as quiet and respectable a residence as the heart of man could desire. The present butler (if there exists such an individual) has been left to sweet repose, and not so much as the mysterious slamming of a door has disturbed the serenity of the domestic atmosphere. Perhaps there is a close time for ghosts, as there is such a period for salmon and other things in the way of game. Perchance, spectral epidemics have their seasons, like typhoid or scarlet fever; but the fact remains that Ballechin has been an undisturbed house of late days. I explain this fact now as I have always explained such incidents, on the idea that we manufacture our own ghosts. They do not emerge from tombs and graves, but come from the inside of our own heads.

Yet ghost literature, like the poor, will always be with us. There is a perennial attraction to minds of a certain type in the discussion of the supernatural. It is so easy to erect castles in Spain with the materials which ghost-stories amply provide, and Mr. Stead and others apparently find the process of erecting such edifices both pleasing and profitable. What one wonders at most in the whole ghost business is the fatal facility the believers exhibit for accepting without much, and often without any, question, the utterly unsupported statements of individuals. I accuse no man of being a wilful liar, but I do know that the habit of unconscious exaggeration is one which marks a not inconsiderable section of the human species. And ghost-stories, like snowballs, grow by accretion. After every time of telling, there is a fresh addition made to the previous recital. A little bit here and a little detail there, and the simple incident evolves, as years pass, into an elaborate and utterly inexplicable history. Where a cautious man would draw rein or walk warily in the matter of his narrative, the believer in ghosts rushes forwards to throw aside, on the mere value of his *ipse dixit*, all the doubts, and all the rational explanations which others are prepared to express and to offer.

A man told me some time ago that in the busy street of a big city he saw walking before him the figure of a friend who had died some months previously. He recognised the figure by the peculiarly shaped hat his friend was accustomed to wear, and by the very manner in which his friend walked. Startled at the sight, he endeavoured to pass the figure, but found it kept well ahead of him, till at the corner of a street the figure vanished. This man is still imbued with the belief that he saw the spectre of his friend. So he did, but that spectre was a reflection projected forwards from his brain on to the background of his eye, giving rise to the well-known subjective sensation. This story, however, has since become "elaborated." It is now told with an addition to the effect that the same afternoon he received an anonymous letter, in the handwriting of the deceased, warning him that a financial crisis was imminent in connection with some undertaking in which he was interested. The crisis came off, and the narrator, acting on the advice of the letter, saved himself from monetary loss. Now, I never heard of the letter incident till the other day. I heard the story when it was new and fresh. But wonders grow like gourd, and theosophy has nothing more curious to relate than the incident I have narrated. After this experience, I agree with the Scottish minister who, remarking that the Psalmist in his haste has declared that all men were liars, added, that, had the Psalmist lived in his parish, he might have expressed that opinion at his leisure.



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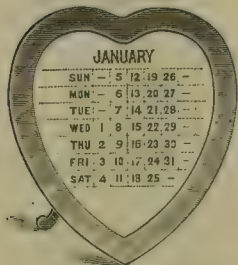
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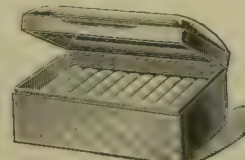
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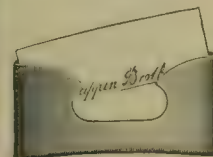
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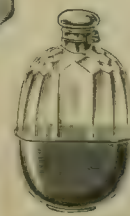
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 30, 1897), with two codicils (dated Oct. 23 and 27 following), of Mr. Horatio Brandon, of Stonehouse, West Hill, Putney, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Nov. 30 by Herbert Percival, Edward Tyrell Horacio Brandon, the son, and Mrs. Kate Harriet Yates, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £102,352. The testator gives £100 to the Law Association for the benefit of the widows and families of solicitors in the Metropolis; his residence, Stonehouse, with the furniture and effects, to his son, Mr. E. T. H. Brandon, and his daughter Mrs. Yates, and £2000 to them to maintain and keep up same for one year after his death; his freehold house at West Worthing, with the furniture and effects, and the freehold stabling, to his daughters, Kate Harriet Yates, Grace Emily Brandon, Ethel Louisa Brandon, and Winifred Brandon, while they shall remain unmarried, and on the death or marriage of the last but one, then to the survivor; his freehold property at Lingfield to his daughters, Kate Harriet Yates and Winifred Brandon; £2000, all moneys due to him from his firm of G. S. and H. Brandon, solicitors, 15, Essex Street, and all his wines, pictures, and effects at 15, Essex Street to his said son Edward Tyrell Horacio; £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Yates; £3000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Florence Isabella Lewis and Mrs. Constance Margaret Scott; £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Dorothy Croft, and £2000 upon the trusts of her marriage settlement; £5000, upon trust, for his son Lionel; £1000 to his son Walter Frederick; £3000 to his son Clifton; £1500, upon trust, for Edith Lee, for life; £700 to Rosa Maria Cotching; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Percival, to three clerks of his firm, to his coachman, and to servants who have been three years and upwards in his service. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughters Grace Emily, Ethel Louisa, and Winifred, share and share alike.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1887), with two codicils (dated Oct. 11, 1894, and Dec. 30, 1896), of Mr. John Edward Sale, of Woodlands, Swainswick, Bath, and formerly of Yeoveney Lodge, Staines, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Nov. 10 by the Rev. Thomas Walker Sale, the brother, and the Rev. William Walters, Canon of Worcester, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £49,808. The testator gives £800 and his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Frances Fleming Sale, and during her widowhood she is to receive the income of £24,000; £150 and certain family portraits to his brother, the Rev. Thomas Walker Sale; £100 to Canon Walters; £100 to his sister, Mary Lydia Moorhouse; and a few small legacies and specific gifts. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his brother for life, and then to his issue as he shall by deed or will appoint.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the general disposition and settlement and deed of appointment (dated Feb. 14, 1895) of the Right Hon. George Earl of Kinnoull, of Dupplin Castle,

Perthshire, who died on Jan. 31 last at Torquay, granted to Archibald Fitzroy George, Earl of Kinnoull, the son and executor nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £49,624.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1891) of the Right Hon. Anthony John Mundella, M.P., of 16, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, who died on July 21, was proved on Nov. 29 by Robey Liddington Thorpe, the son-in-law, and Henry Robey Thorpe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £41,298. The testator bequeaths £200 per annum to his sister, Mary Mundella, for life; £400 per annum to his daughter Mary Teresa Mundella while she remains a spinster; and all his household furniture, plate, and works of art and vertu between his two daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Nelly Thorpe, for life, and then for her daughter Dorothea Mary Robey Thorpe; and the other moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Teresa Mundella for life, and then to her children; and in default thereof upon the same trusts as the first-named moiety.

The will (dated June 24, 1897) of Mrs. C. Laurie Armitage, of 3, Hall Road, St. John's Wood, widow of Mr. Edward Armitage, R.A., who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Nov. 25 by James Auriol Armitage and Robert Armitage, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £37,655. The testatrix leaves the property over which she has a power of appointment under the will of her late husband as follows—namely, £10,000 to the Artists' Benevolent Institution; £10,000 to the British and Foreign Blind Association; £4000 to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor; £2000 each to the nephews of her husband, James Auriol, Robert, Stephen, Philip, Alfred, and Joseph Armitage; and an annuity to her servant. The will goes on to state: "I declare that my executors shall pay the legacy or sum of £4000 to each of the following hospitals—namely, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Middlesex Hospital (Mortimer Street), Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital (Southwark), and Queen Charlotte's Hospital (Marylebone Road); but if the residue of my husband's property shall not be sufficient to provide in full such last-mentioned legacies of £4000, then I will and declare that they shall abate proportionately. But if such residue is more than sufficient to pay to each of the said last-mentioned hospitals a sum of £4000, then I will and declare that my executors shall divide the net residue equally between the following hospitals or institutions—namely, the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (Marylebone Road), Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital, the London Fever Hospital, and the Hospital for Epilepsy, Paralysis, and Nervous Diseases (now or late of 32, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park), until each of the said last-mentioned hospitals shall have received £4000; and should there be any net surplus still remaining after payment of all costs, charges, and expenses, then I declare the same shall be equally divided between the said St. Mary's Hospital, the

Middlesex Hospital, Guy's Hospital, and the London Fever Hospital." Out of the funds of her own separate estate she bequeaths legacies to the amount of £11,000 to god-children of herself and her late husband, and others, and the remainder of such separate estate to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Paddington Green Children's Hospital, and the Royal Hospital for Children and Women (51, Waterloo Road). Among other bequests she gives the portrait of her late husband, by W. Outless, R.A., and the bust of him by Sir Edgar Boehm, to the Royal Academy.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1893) of Mr. Hugh Cameron, of 62, Redcliffe Square, S.W., who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Nov. 29 by Mrs. Euphemia Tully Cameron, the widow, Charles Graham Rowe, James Stuart, and John Bramwell, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £36,519. The testator gives his household furniture and jewels and two policies of insurance in the Law Life Office, to his wife; and an annuity to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one-half thereof, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and the other half, upon trust, for her during her widowhood. Subject as above, he leaves all his property between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 21, 1889) of Captain John Ritson, J.P., of Ellen Bank, Maryport, Cumberland, who died on Sept. 15, was proved on Nov. 19 by Mrs. Mary Jane Ritson, the widow, and Robert Ritson, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £36,486. The testator gives £500 and his consumable stores to his wife, and during her widowhood she is to receive the income of his residuary estate. At her death or remarriage he gives and devises his mansion house, Ellen Bank, his estate at Allerby, Aspatria, and other property and ground rents at Liverpool and Maryport, to his son Robert. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will of Mr. John Weston Peters Gale, Lord of the Manor of North Cheriton, of Cheriton Manor, Templecombe, Somerset, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Nov. 29, by Mrs. Susan Burge Gale, the widow, and William Forrester, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £8211.

The will (dated March 31, 1897) of Mr. Charles Leech, of Oaklands, Derby, has been proved in the Derby District Registry by Mrs. Selina Leech, the widow, Abraham Woodiwiss, and Charles Daniel Hart, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,005. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife; £50 each to Abraham Woodiwiss and Charles Daniel Hart; £500 each to his step-daughter, Ada Elizabeth Briggs, and his step-son, Sydney William Leech; and four hundred £5 shares in Leech, Neal, and Co. to his son, Charles Hubbuck Turner Leech. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives all his shares and debentures in Leech, Neal, and Co., and sixteen houses in and about the town of Derby, to his son, and one hundred and two houses and

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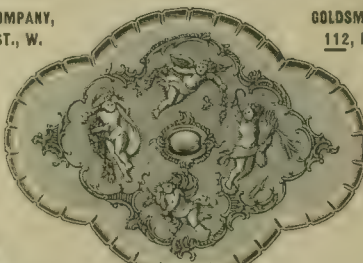
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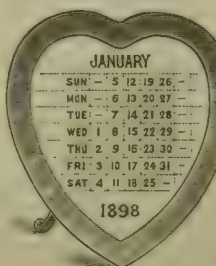
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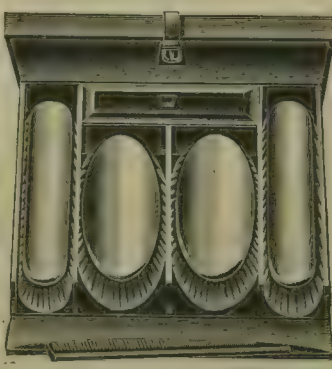
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**DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES FRANCE.**



famous as the composer of "Hänsel and Gretel," conducted certain of his own works. The orchestra was not exactly satisfactory, and played the overture—a new work—to the "Königskinder" without delicacy and without taste, although the thing is full of delicate airs, fine orchestration, and tasteful melody. Madame Marchesi sang one song from "Hänsel and Gretel," which was abominably accompanied; and another song, new to us, with great sweetness and distinction. Mr. Lamond played a Tchaikowsky Concerto with singular cleverness, and the concert concluded with a performance of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Little Minister" Overture. It is regrettable that so splendid an organisation as the Philharmonic should not make itself responsible for an orchestra persuaded into a finer accomplishment.

A curious but somewhat inevitable experiment was tried in the introduction to the London public of a little girl pianist, Miss Muriel Mustard, at the St. James's Hall. One says "inevitable" for the mere reason that young Steindler's great success naturally set an example to the parents of clever children. Miss Mustard, therefore, who is advertised as being eight years of age, made her first appearance in London on this occasion, and proved herself to possess

extraordinary strength of wrist for one so young. She played Chopin. That was, perhaps, a pity; for the playing of Chopin, particularly of his Nocturnes—one of which was chosen for the occasion—needs, necessarily, a somewhat exquisite development of nerves which it would be absurd to expect from one so young. She played, however, with a will and with great cleverness, but it was the cleverness of the pupil rather than of the intimate artist; she had been taught her lesson excellently well, and excellently well she recited that which she had been taught. More it is not at present necessary to say. Let us, for example, wait another twenty years.

Steadily, and concert by concert, the gifted M. Lamoureux has been impressing upon the London public the interesting fact that it was not his French band that created the personality of the conductor, but the personality of the conductor that produced the effects of the Parisian orchestra. For, indeed, this extraordinary man came within a little of securing from his English orchestra—the combination of excellent players who usually work under Mr. Henry Wood—in the Reformation Symphony of Mendelssohn, all the refinement, the cleanness, the perfection of phrasing, the singular sweetness to which he had made us accustomed

in his work with the native orchestra which so long had been under his control. His Mendelssohn playing, in a word, seemed to be just the right thing—sweet, tender, conscientious, and precise. He followed what is known as the great classical tradition. He did not strive to discover any new reading, any novel and modern exuberance of emotion in the work. He played it on its—and his own—merits. The remainder of the concert was of a piece with this.

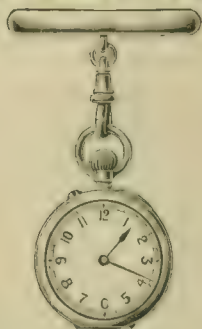
M. Lamoureux gave the last of his autumn series of concerts on the Wednesday of last week, and with it perhaps the poorest programme he has yet submitted to the public. It is really a pity that this should be the case. He played, for example, the late M. Boellmann's most recent symphony, a work of considerable constructive cleverness, but without any real joy of musical inspiration or of musical intimacy. It is very often delightful to hear this kind of music just for a brief time, to admire it and to witness dispassionately to its musical accomplishment. But this is not the way in which great music is made. Various other French compositions—by Chabrier, by Massenet, and so forth—were also given on the same occasion, but the concert was, as a whole, poor, despite M. Lamoureux's

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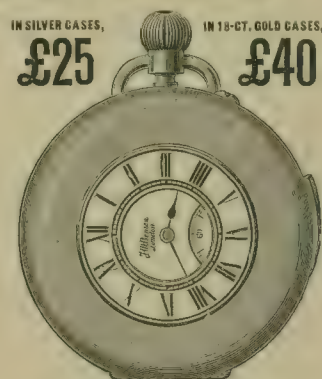
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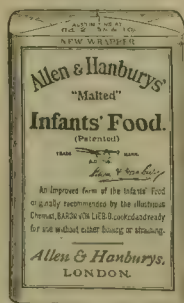
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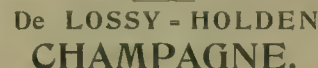
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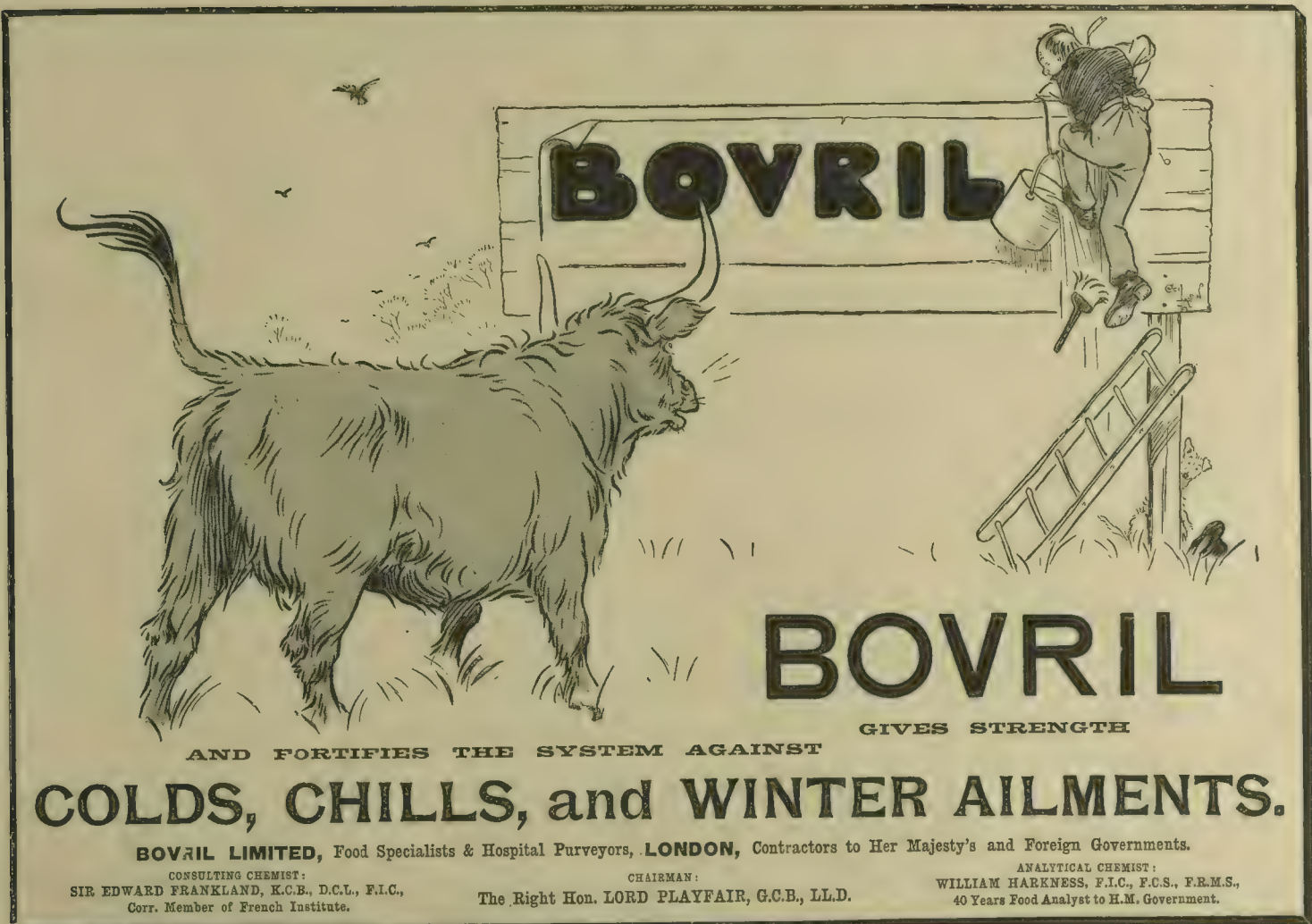
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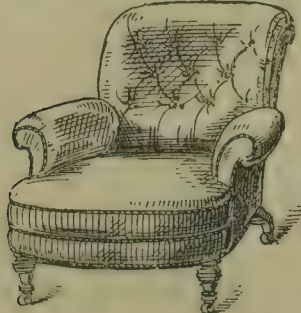
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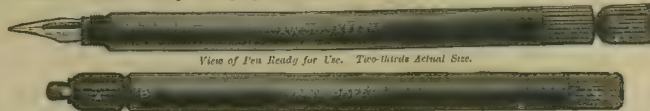


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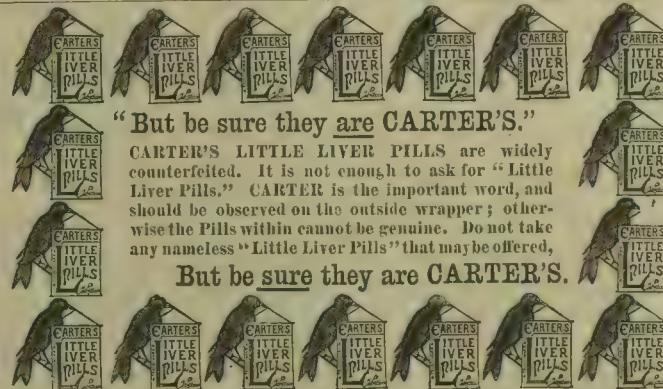
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## ART NOTES.

The Winter Exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society shows to great advantage the work of many of the older men. The limits of human perfection are almost reached by several of these dexterous handlers of the brush, and we are made to understand that the interests of British water-colour painting cannot be left in safer hands. Unfortunately, there arises a little cloud of doubt in our minds, even while admiring much of their work, and we miss the spontaneity which is not to be replaced by laborious care. Mr. Herbert Marshall seems conscious of the dangers of deep-seated preferences, and he must be congratulated

upon turning away from the streets of London to the bright commons of Hertfordshire and the quaint red buildings of northern Holland, set against the silvery sky. Mr. Matthew Hale, who is another of the younger men, also shows a readiness to search for subjects away from mist-driven Dartmoor or the shores of the Bristol Channel. His study of Loch Torridon is full of beauty and strength; the sweep of the mountain down to the edge of the loch being rendered with remarkable vigour. Mr. Tom Lloyd has also got away from himself in the brilliant garden scene, "An Evening I Remember." Sir F. Burne-Jones's drawings show his usual masterful treatment of drapery; but, except in the kneeling figure,

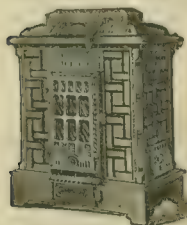
"Vain Waiting," the expression of the faces of women and angels is unsatisfactory. Mr. E. R. Hughes, who also works in crayon, contributes some heads and portraits which are distinctly vigorous and lifelike. Mr. Albert Goodwin ranges from the shores of the Atlantic to the plains of the Ganges, catching each magic effect of sky and sunset with delicacy and imagination. Professor Herkimer shows how skillfully he can paint the portraits of his fellow-members, and in the little imaginative work "On Strike" repeats with slight variation a theme which inspired one of his most successful oil paintings. Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Eyre Walker, and Mr. Napier Henry, among the men, and Mrs. Allingham, Miss Rose Barton, and Miss E. Martineau,

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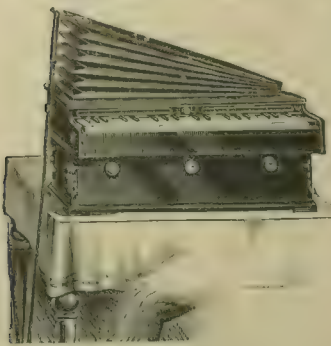
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*From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E.*



WITH THE MOHMAND FIELD FORCE: CREST OF THE NAHAKI PASS, WITH CAMEL CONVOY (TELEGRAPH) AND GURKHA PICKET.

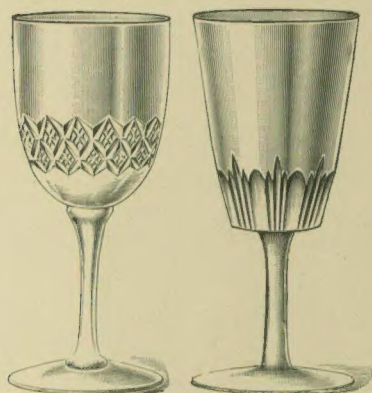
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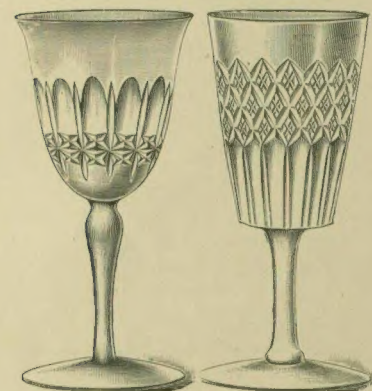
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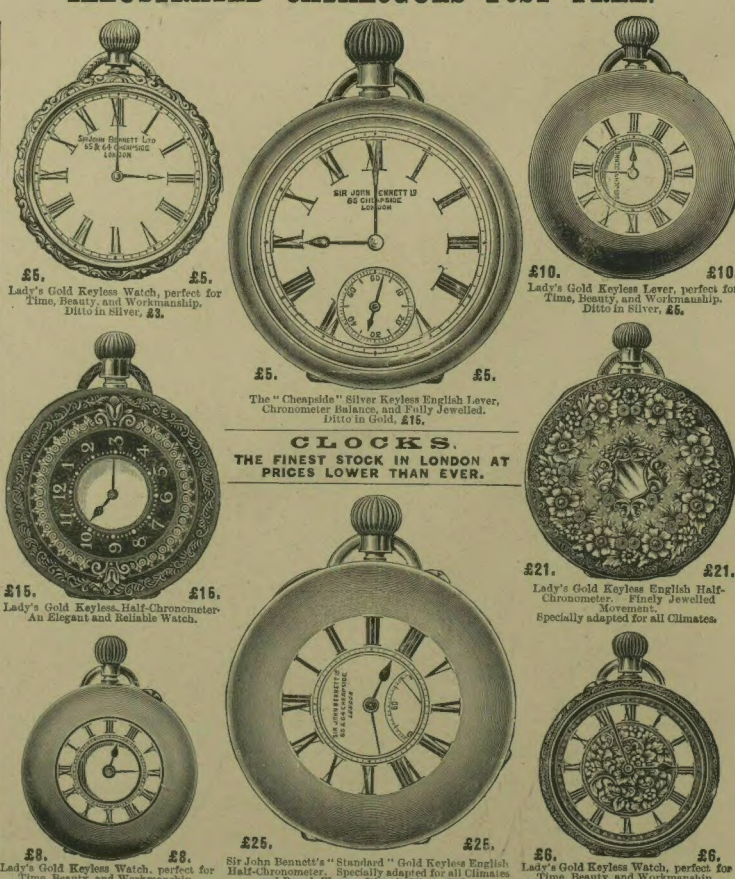
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CAPTAIN BADCOCK SHOT WHILST AT LUNCH.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



WITH THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE: THE ATTACK ON THE SEMPAGHA PASS.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.



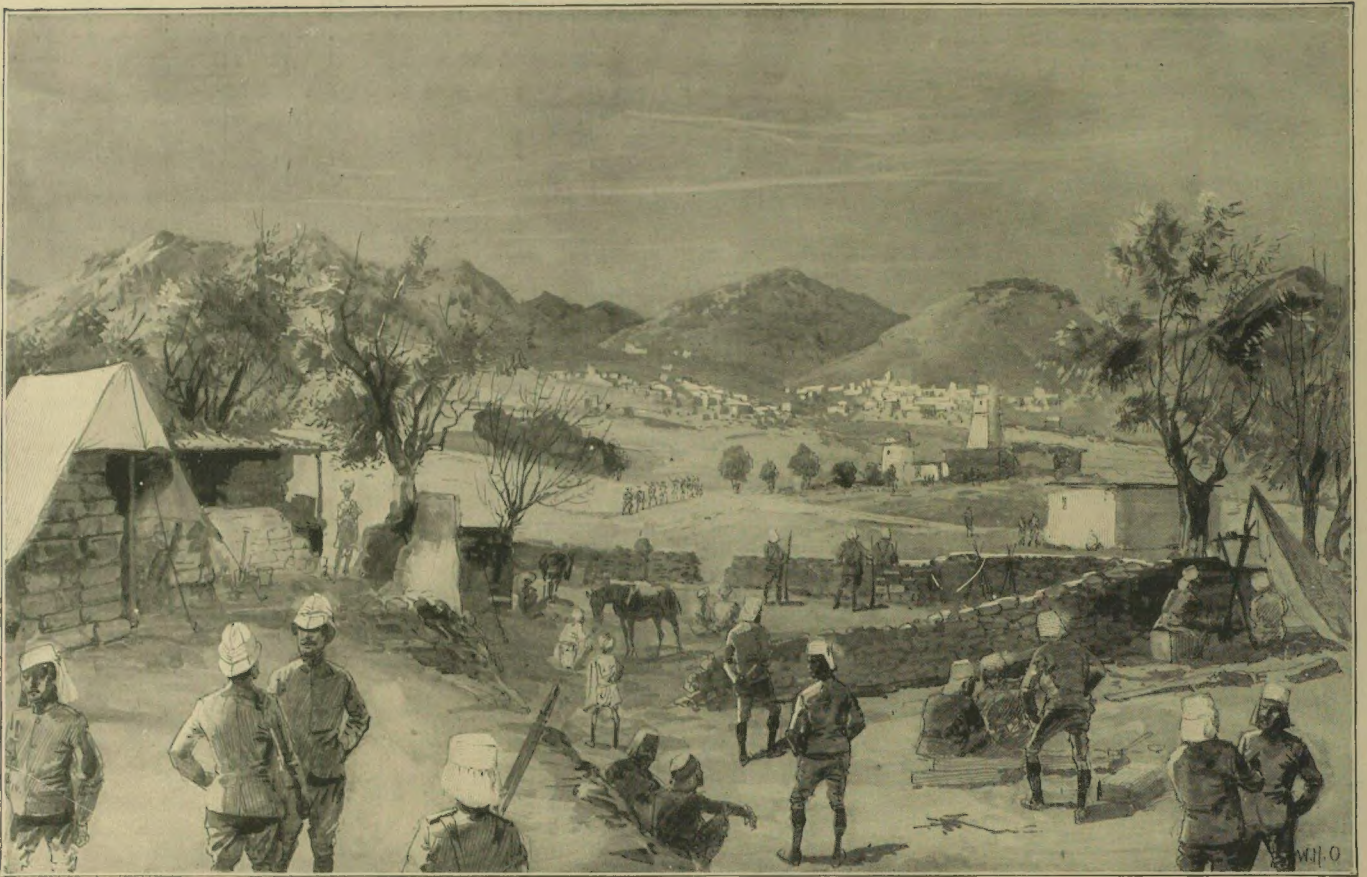


THE CLEARING OF THE SARAN RIDGE: THE MEN OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT HELIOGRAPHING FOR AID IN THEIR DESCENT WITH THE WOUNDED.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I., FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

A reconnaissance in force was made to the Saran Sar heights from the camp at Maidan on November 9. The enemy were successfully driven from their mountain stronghold, and the chief points of the ridge were occupied by five companies of the Northamptonshire Regiment, forming part of General Westmacott's force. As the troops were withdrawing over the very difficult ground, the enemy rallied in force and poured a fierce fire upon the Northamptonshire men, who were obliged to heliograph for aid in the bringing down of their wounded fellows. The 38th Sikhs were promptly despatched to their help by General Westmacott, but the return was not even then accomplished without further loss under the tribesmen's fire. The bodies of Lieutenant Macintyre and the twelve men who lost their lives with him in this action were subsequently found in a gorge under circumstances which showed that they must have made a heroic stand against overwhelming odds in preference to deserting their wounded. On November 11 the Saran heights were completely cleared of the enemy.





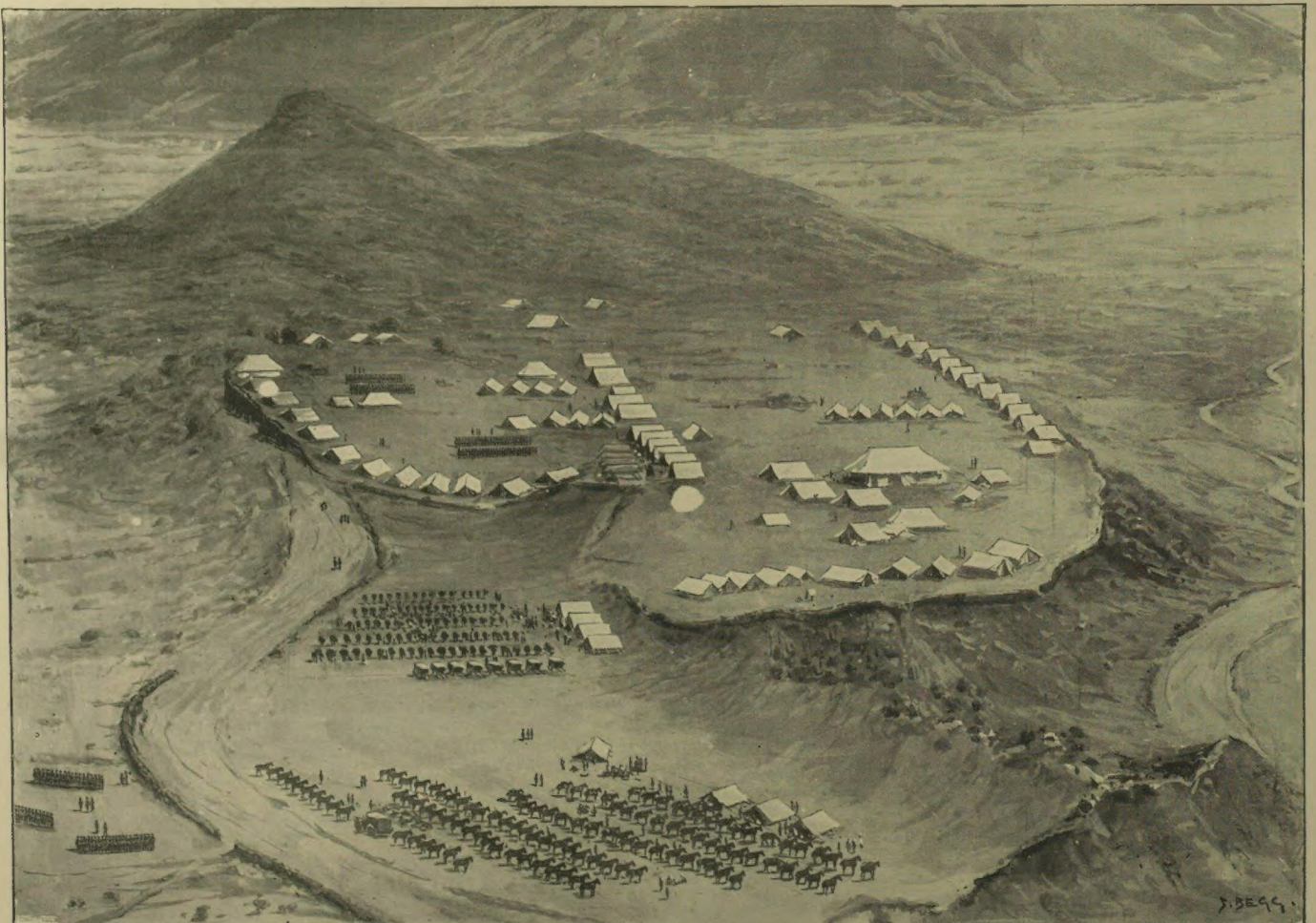
WITH THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE: VIEW FROM THE GURKHA CAMP AND 4th BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, AFTER THE TAKING OF THE ARHANGA PASS.

*From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Palley, Gurkha Rifles.*

Camp of 85th Sikhs.

Buffs' Camp.

88th Dogras' Camp.



Transport Lines and Ambulance.

Headquarters Camp.

THE NORTH CAMP, MALAKAND, BURNED BY THE TRIBESMEN AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE TROOPS.

*From a Sketch by Surgeon-Captain W. D. Hayward.*